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THE SILENT LYRE.

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

A wall sounds through the "Post-rooms," The Goddess chants, with drooping head, A requiem; for one who bowed And worshipped at her shrine, is dead. Oh, kindred spirits, chain each thought; And stilled be every trembling wire; In memory of a sister gone— In memory of that silent lyre.

In the Web:

THE GIRL-WIFE'S TRIALS.

A HEART AND LIFE ROMANCE OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

BY EDWIN SOUTH.

CHAPTER IV.

A FETE.

THERE was a flash of lights, and the sweet music of woman's laughter, in the Davenant mansion; and the hurrying of dancing feet, and the melody of harp and violin. Polite servants of every shade, from yellow to ebony, in the daintiest of white aprons and jackets, bowed and smiled a welcome to a legion of aristocratic guests, and still the carriages rolled up to the broad colonnade, and still beautiful women whisked noisy silks and stiff brocades in through the open doorway, and tall men in starch and broadcloth served as foil to all this gorgeous display.

In the largest of the two reception-rooms, which were thronged with gallantry and beauty, stood Blanche Davenant. She was a girl a little above the medium height, with eyes of the softest, tenderest blue, and skin white as a falling snow-flake. Rather slender, she was yet rounded in the full bloom of young womanhood, and the heavy coils of golden hair, wrapped in a coronet of exquisite grace about her well-poised head, gave her whole person a queenly bearing.

A long, flowing robe of sky-blue silk, with only a single diamond at her throat, enhanced her appearance not a little, and perhaps increased the admiration which was almost general.

Her father stood by her side, and welcomed his and his daughter's friends as they arrived, with that grace which is almost habitual to the cultivated Southern gentleman.

"Who is that, papa, just entering? Look—there!"

Blanche had only time to make this remark, and her parent had not time to answer, when a handsome man, and the subject of the remark, stepped briskly forward and bowed to Colonel Davenant.

"My daughter, Major Cecil," said Colonel Davenant.

Major Cecil's brown eyes were full of admiration as he said, in a playful way:

"I am sincerely glad to renew an acquaintance which seems so much a part of that past which was so very pleasant to me."

Blanche looked up, surprised, and colored a little, and then her father, seeing her embarrassment, said:

"Blanche, dear, don't you remember Major Cecil, whom we met in Florence, ten years ago, and who carried you through the excavation at Pompeii, and was so very attentive to you at Bonn?"

Blanche did remember, but it was only faintly, for she was a child of eight then, and the memory was only like the rhythm of a half-forgotten poem—sweet and dreamy, like Italy itself.

"Yes, I think I remember Major Cecil," she said, smiling, "though I've always thought of him as Captain Cecil."

"Only a captain when we were companions abroad," replied Cecil; "but promotion, as well as years, followed that trip."

They went off together, she leaning upon his arm, wandering through the festive throng, she happy, and he very proud.

As they passed out of one of the open windows, through the frostwork of the lace, and into the garden, Major Cecil said, earnestly:

"Where has my little friend spent all those years, since last we met? At school or in the nursery?"

"I hope I've outgrown the last, and have a year or two, at least, between me and the first," replied Blanche, bantering. "You must know, major, I'm a woman now—a responsible, full-grown person!"

There was something sad in his voice as he said: "Ah! true; it's a great many years; I had almost forgotten that."

After a pause, he added: "Have you thought—ever, I mean—of me in all this time?"

"Of course, major, a great deal. I used to tell the girls at school about my soldier lover. You must pardon me for this, but, you know, *lover* is not a very meaning word as school-girls understand it."

"And I," said Cecil, almost passionately, "have thought more about my little tourist than I would like to tell, even to herself."

This sounded very much like love-making, Blanche thought; and remembering her

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"If you do this—if you make even an attempt to do this—I'll strangle you!"

promise to become Mark Blanchard's wife, she trembled with a new fear. What if she did not love Mark? She did not know, for a certainty, that she did, and now she felt, for the first time since her betrothal, how very easy it would be to love some one else!

Her courtship had had precious little romance in it; it was wholly unlike what she had imagined courtships to be, and was not very unlike a business contract, void of any thing like ennobling sentiment. Yet still she was a promised wife; and, understanding her duty, she said, promptly:

"Major Cecil, we had better go in, I think, or I will be false to my position of hostess."

"I hadn't thought of that," he replied. "Yes, let's go."

As they entered the drawing-room, Mark came forward, and said, rather pettishly: "I've been looking for you, Blanche, and I couldn't think where you had gone."

"We were only in the garden," answered Blanche. "This is Major Cecil, Mark—an old friend of the family."

Mark bowed distantly, and after the exchange of a few commonplace, led his affianced off to join a quadrille just forming.

During the evening Cecil paid marked attention to the little hostess, but left early, promising to call in a day or two at the furthest.

"I don't like that man," said Mark, as soon as the major was gone.

"Why?" asked Blanche, looking up, surprised. "He is an old and valued friend of the family."

"Tush! I hate old friends! There is always deceit and mischief in them." He was scowling now, and Blanche thought him—for the first time in her life—exceedingly repulsive.

CHAPTER V. FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

After the departure of Mark Blanchard from Silas Norman's room, on the night on which our story opens, the girl who answered to the name of Mangy returned to

the apartment which she had left, on Mark's entrance.

She walked directly to the sofa on which her father lay, and, folding her arms across her breast, looked sternly down upon him.

"Well, Mangy! what's up now?" he said, rising to a sitting posture.

She didn't answer at once, but when she did speak, it was bitterly, and her words were:

"Silas Norman, can it be possible you will lend yourself to the aid of a villain, such as that fellow who has just left here?"

"Why, Mangy, what are you talking about? That fellow, as you call him, is a gentleman. He's worth his cool million, if he is worth a cent."

"Were he as rich as Croesus, he would be nothing but a low, sneaking, contemptible villain."

"That's rough language, Miss Magdalen Norman, to one of your father's best friends," replied the man, looking carelessly up at her.

"No, Silas Norman; bad as you are—bad as we both are—we are not on a level with that fellow. We need money, but not his—we are not so low as that yet!"

The man's face was growing scarlet as he answered: "It is an ugly job, Mangy, but, you know we can't be always particular. For that matter, the fellow can't help himself very well. His precious old uncle is forcing him to do it."

"Forcing him to leave his poor wife—an unfortunate wretch, whose only crime is loving such a scoundrel as Mark Blanchard! What do you think will become of this poor woman when she wakes up in a foreign land to the realization of her true position—the deserted wife of a mean, low creature, who has not the heart to perpetrate a brave crime?"

"Why, Mangy, you talk like a stage-player, but you had better have a care that you do not act. You must not attempt to dictate to me."

He said this sternly, and looked hard at

her. She didn't tremble, however, nor shrink, but glared back at him, saying: "I have made up my mind what to do."

"And what is that?"

"You'll see."

"I will—will I?"

"Yes, you will."

He closed one of his eyes, and lifting the index finger of his right hand, he said, slowly, as if measuring the importance of every word:

"Now, my lady, I'm getting tired of this hifalutin business, and I want you to understand this distinctly, that, if you interfere in this affair, in opposition to my plans, I'll kill you! Do you understand that?"

"Yes, I understand; but, I don't care if you kill me now."

"You don't, eh?"

"No, I don't! What, in Heaven's name, have I to live for? The child of God knows whom; the associate of gamblers and thieves; with just enough education to understand the social depths that I have reached; my days spent in idleness, my nights in remorse; with such an existence, I don't think it would be hard to part, at any time."

He eyed her an instant in silence; then he arose to his feet, and catching her by the arm tightly, stared into her eyes as if he would read what lay beyond their beauty. Although he said: "What do you mean by this bravado?"

"I mean to find out, from some source, where this unfortunate wife is, and, having done that, I'll tell her every thing about this conspiracy."

The man was startled. In all his experience, he had never been openly defied by her before. He knew she had a will that was hard to defeat, but he now determined to break that imperious will, at whatever cost. "If you do this—if you make even an attempt to do this, I'll strangle you!"

His fingers were working as if eager to bury themselves in her throat, but, Magdalen Norman flinched not, as she doggedly replied:

"I don't care!"

"Don't say that again!" He was breathing heavily now.

"I will!"

"Don't do it, I say!"

"Why don't you kill me?"

"Have a care, or I may."

"I wish you would."

"You do? Then I'll kill you, or I'll take this stubbornness out of you."

He clutched her by the throat, frantic with rage.

"Do you give in?"

She could not speak. Her breath only came faintly; his fingers were sinking deeper and deeper into her soft, round throat, but she had power to shake her head negatively, and she did so.

"Curse you. I'll conquer you," he hissed, and then pressed his fingers tighter.

Her form began to stiffen; her weight fell upon his arm, and, letting go his hold upon her, she sunk in a heap to the floor.

"My God! I've killed her!" he exclaimed, terrified. "What is to become of me?"

"It don't make much difference what becomes of a brute like you," said a voice close to his side, and, lifting his eyes, he stood face to face with a young man, fashionably, if not neatly, attired, who seemed to sparkle with flashy clothing and cheap jewelry.

"Is that you, Turner?" asked Silas, excitedly.

"I should say it was, and just in time to make a rum old witness for the Commonwealth. Oh, won't you have a good time before Martamat, in the morning?"

Silas dropped on his knees and stared into Mangy's face. There was a flush in it yet, and her heart was still beating.

"She's not dead!" exclaimed Silas, exultingly. "She's not dead!"

"But sleepeth, eh?" put in Turner, lifting her head upon his knee, and smoothing, with a gentle touch, her dark hair back from her forehead.

"What did you do this for, Norman?"

"Well, she wouldn't mind me, and threatened to blow upon a friend of mine."

"Was that all?"

"All—was it not enough?"

"Well, look here, my pious friend," said Turner, determinedly: "it's well for you that gal ain't dead, or skin me if I wouldn't make daylight shine through you." As he spoke he touched significantly the handle of a revolver that peeped out of the breast pocket of his coat, and ground his teeth together as if he would make powder of them.

"Are you crazy, too?" ejaculated Norman. "Can not a father correct his own child?"

"Bosh!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, now, look here, old Missouri; you can't come the parental dodge on me. I'm sev-e-ral years too aged for that."

Silas quailed at the mention of Missouri, and said, very meekly:

"There, Turner, we won't quarrel. Why should you want to interfere with me?"

"I don't. But I love that gal there—that is if I know the meaning of the word—and I'm going to stand by her."

"Oh, Brad Turner! Save me! save me!" cried Mangy, opening her eyes and recognizing the face above her.

"Yes, Magdalen; I'll stand by you," replied Turner.

"You'll forgive me, Mangy; I was crazy—I'm so sorry—I'll be better to you, I'll—"

"You won't get a chance," put in Turner. "Magdalen Norman is under my care now, seeing as she asked me to save her, and I am going to do it."

Silas Norman's face grew livid, and he clenched his fist and advanced threateningly.

"Don't have me to shed blood, Silas," said Turner, putting his hand again on the revolver. "Come, Mangy, I'll get you a better—at least a kinder home than this."

CHAPTER VI.

FIGHTING THE TIGER.

St. Charles street was glowing with lights; the two theaters were brilliant with gas jets; at the corner of Commercial Place a curious crowd were surrounding a man with a huge telescope leveled at Mars; the flags of all nations, and many unknown countries, fluttered in front of the museum; here and there poor mendicant Italian children sung out discordant songs, accompanying themselves on harp and violin. Above all could be heard the round, full voice of a man calling out, in stentorian accents, "Keno!"

The voice came from the third story of that notorious gambling-hell which, during the reign of licensed gambling, was designated as the "Polka." All the windows were out, for, notwithstanding the season, the night was very warm.

The clock in the Presbyterian church, in Lafayette Square, was pointing to eleven, when Mark Blanchard leaped out of a street car, on Carondelet street, and, hurrying along Perdido, turned down St. Charles street.

As he approached "The Polka," he glanced around to see if any of his respectable friends were in sight. Satisfying himself that he was unobserved, he pushed back the swinging green-baize door, and entered.

On either side of the long room tables were ranged, around which were collected knots of men, some betting a picayune on "chuck-a-luck," and others wagering a shining eagle or crisp greenback on "Rondo."

Mark did not stop here; but pushing his way through the throng, he ascended to the second floor, where a bland, oily gentleman named Cypher, was dealing faro.

"Cypher, did you see Norman, to-night?" whispered Mark.

"No; but he left this note for you."

Mark took the note offered him. It was enveloped in a buff piece of paper. On opening it he found the following, scribbled in an unsteady hand:

"Will meet you at midnight in front of the Jackson Statue, in Jackson Square."

Faithfully, NORMAN.

"He did not say why he could not meet me here, did he?" asked Mark, after reading.

"No; but I suppose he knows his biz."

"I guess so," Mark replied, and then turning, he walked down the stairs and into the street.

At the Custom House he took a street car, just starting for the Barracks.

The night was very dark, and the vehicle had reached the French Market before he discovered that he had passed the place of rendezvous.

Leaping from the car he began to walk briskly toward the square, when, all at once, he thought he heard footsteps behind him which seemed to be dogging him.

He paused and looked behind him. Nothing was to be seen, however, but the shipping on the one hand, and the low, dingy old market on the other.

On he went again; once more he thought he detected footsteps behind him.

This time he stepped into the dark doorway of a tall house, and waited.

He had just done so when a dark-hooded woman came creeping along, as if she was searching for somebody.

Mark could not see her face, but he felt sure, judging from her awkward gait and stooped shoulders, that she was an old woman.

If she saw him she gave no sign, but hurried on, turning, at length, into a dark alley-way, a short distance ahead.

"If she is watching me," said Mark, to himself, "I have thrown her off the scent."

In a few moments more he had entered the square from the levee, and found Silas Norman seated on a rustic seat immediately in front of the great bronze hero of Chalmette.

"Is that you, Blanchard?" asked Silas, peering up through the darkness.

"Yes, of course; but what, in the name of old Jackson, brought you here? Why did you not meet me at the Polka?"

"Well, it's a long story," answered Silas. "I have had a devil of a time with Turner, since, and Mangy has left me, and I'm afraid these two mean mischief."

"I'm afraid you've made a great bungle of this matter," said Mark, curiously. "What's the nature of this trouble? I trust you have had sense enough not to let Turner into our secrets until you had first satisfied yourself of his loyalty?"

"Well, now, Mister Blanchard, you need not attempt the bluff game with such a slim hand," replied Silas, rising. "I don't relish sauce, sir. I would have you remember that, too!"

"I did not give you any sauce," answered Mark, humbly. "I only asked you a simple question in a civil way."

"Well, then, I'll answer you civilly," returned Norman. "They suspect, but they don't know nothing."

"And our plans are sure?" asked Mark, eagerly.

"As safe."

"Good. Have you found a man to take Lillie away?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"To-night, if you wish."

"Well, then, let's go at once. I feel very uneasy while she is here. I think the sooner she is taken off the better. To tell you the truth, Silas, I'm frightened lest this thing should leak out."

"I guess there's no danger; but come, Pedro may escape us."

"Who is Pedro?"

"The young man I spoke of."

"He is a Spaniard, is he not?" said Mark, as he followed his companion.

"Yes."

"Can he be trusted, do you think?"

"Unto death. You need not fear Pedro Mento."

The worthies left the square by the gate in front of the Cathedral of St. Louis, and as they did so, a dark figure glided from behind the statue and disappeared in the direction of the market-place.

It was just one o'clock when Silas Norman and Mark Blanchard stopped in front of a low, dingy, one-story dwelling on Spain street. It was one of those structures which must have been erected in the previous century, for the one large front window had diamond-shaped panes, and the sloping roof of tiles was slimy with clinging moss.

Norman stepped briskly up to the door, and rapped twice; then, after a moment's pause, called out:

"Pedro Mento! I say, Pedro!"

The window swung back, and a frowny-looking head was pushed into the street.

"Is that you, Silas?"

"Yes," replied Norman.

The head disappeared in a twinkling, and the next instant the door was opened, and the two men entered.

The apartment in which Mark found himself, was scantily furnished, but, whatever articles it did contain, were antique and of Spanish manufacture. A heavy bronze chandelier stood on a black table in the center of the room, and shed a feeble light upon the trio as they seated themselves around the board.

"This, Pedro, is the gentleman who wishes to employ you. He has come here to give you instructions as to your mission," said Norman, by way of introduction.

"I'm glad to meet you, son," said Pedro, rising and extending his yellow hand familiarly to Mark.

The latter did not take the proffered hand, but simply said: "Pedro, if you do this job nicely, you shall have a thousand dollars. That's worth working for."

"Yes, better than smuggling at the Passes. When do you want me to sail?"

"The gentleman thinks you had better start at once—say to-morrow evening," replied Norman, speaking as if the query had been propounded to him.

"Yes, I think you can start to-morrow. Originally stipulated a fortnight between taking my leave and sending for her, but things have been falling out so, that the sooner we get her out of Louisiana the safer for all concerned," chimed in Mark.

Pedro quite agreed with him.

"And you had better fix yourself up; and, remember, look and act like a Mexican," added Norman.

"Trust Pedro Mento for that," replied the Spaniard. "But, now, as to orders: what am I to do?"

"Take this letter," and here Mark took a letter from the breast-pocket of his coat and gave it to Pedro, "and give it to Tillie, whom you will find in the third house east of Algiers, and directly in front of that great Bremen steamship, a little back from the river in the cane-field."

"Yes," Pedro said, and nodded his head.

"You are to tell her that you left me at Galveston, and that I will wait for you at Vera Cruz. This letter will explain the rest."

"And when I reach Vera Cruz, what am I to do then?" asked Pedro.

"You are to secure for her comfortable quarters," replied Mark, "and then inform her that I have been killed in a duel."

"Will she believe me?"

"Of course she will," said Norman. "If she doubts, you can have a tombstone put up in the graveyard of San Jacinto, sacred to the memory of Mark Blanchard."

"A capital idea!" exclaimed Mark; "do that by all means."

All three smiled approvingly, and the plot satisfied the plotters.

"Have you a wife, Pedro?" asked Mark, after a pause.

"No."

"Who keeps house for you?"

"Mamma Guy, an old woman, who mends nets for a living. I'm only a lodger."

"Where is she now?"

"Asleep."

"Sound?"

"As a bug."

"Well, then, Pedro, I expect you to start to-morrow evening; and here is your traveling expenses."

Mark counted out two hundred dollars, which Pedro rolled up into a wad and pocketed with some satisfaction.

"If ever you want to write to me," said Mark, "direct your letter to our friend Silas, here."

"All right," returned Pedro.

The three men now arose, and, after bidding the Spaniard adieu, Norman and Mark stepped into the night, and bent their steps toward Canal street.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 61.)

The Winged Whale: OR, THE MYSTERY OF RED RUPERT.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.
AUTHOR OF "SCARLET HAND," "HEART OF FIRE,"
"WOLF DEMON," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI. THE DUEL.

"YOUR youth saves you from my sword,"

Rupert said, calmly. "It is the life of this treacherous Spaniard, Estevan, that I wish, though I am willing to fight all his friends, one by one. I would not deny you the pleasure that you seek, but should you fall by my hand, all would call me a murderer. I can not, as a man of honor, take advantage of your folly."

With flashing eyes and a cheek that burned with passion's fires, the youth listened to the words of the American, and heaved, then, since you will have it so," Rupert said, quietly. "Gentlemen, you will bear witness that this duel is not of my seeking, but forced upon me by this hot-headed boy. If evil comes to him, let the blame rest where it belongs."

"Choose your weapon, senior; we have had enough of words!" cried the youth, in joy.

The stranger, whom the youth had called Baptiste, advanced and offered the sword for Rupert's inspection. Carelessly the sailor took one, a single glance had told him that there was no difference in the weapons.

Rupert then, doffing his hat and velvet jacket, gave them into the hands of Andrews, who, with Garcia, had stood a little apart, watching the strange scene with wonder.

"The critter seems to be really spilling for a fight," said Andrews, as he rolled up Rupert's shirt-sleeve, displaying the firm-knit, muscular right arm of the sailor.

"Yes, I would faint have avoided the quarrel, out of pity for his youth; but since he will fight, whether or no, he must take the consequences of his rashness."

"He's a determined fellow," Garcia said, as he looked upon the stripling.

"Yes," Rupert replied. "I must admire his spirit, although he aims at my life. His friendship for the captain must be great to induce him to risk his life in his service."

"Are you ready, senior?" asked the youth, in his clear voice.

"At your pleasure, sir," Rupert replied, advancing sword in hand toward the youth.

Then he passed in astonishment as the stripling confronted him. His opponent had not made the slightest preparation for the fight; not even removed his coat.

"Again you give me the advantage, young sir!" the sailor cried, an expression of anger in his tones. "You have not taken the usual precautions to insure success. By threatening an insult, you have forced me to encounter you. Now I ask you to prepare for the encounter."

"I am prepared," the youth replied, gracefully throwing himself in a position that quickly told the experienced eye of Rupert that his opponent was no novice in the use of the sword.

"As you will!" cried the sailor, impatiently. "I warn you I shall act only on the defensive. I have no wish to stain my sword with your blood, although the shedding of a

few drops of it might prove a lesson to you."

"And I warn you that I seek your life, and will use all the art that I am master of to stretch you senseless upon the earth!" cried the stripling, fiercely.

The slender blades twined around each other like two silver snakes gleaming in the moonlight. The contrast between the stalwart form of Red Rupert and the slender figure of the youth was great.

Firm as a rock, the sailor stood and received the attack of his foe. With the fierce dash of the tiger leaping upon its prey, the stripling strove to penetrate the guard of the other. Thrust followed thrust in quick succession. All the wiles of the fencer's art the stripling brought into play. Feint and lunge—lunge and feint—but the iron wrist of the sailor, that combined the strength of the metal and the elasticity of the willow twig, parried the deadly thrusts aimed at his heart, and threw them aside as the rugged rock divides the ocean billow.

Fatigued at last, the youth paused in his attack, and retiring a few paces, leaned upon his sword, breathless with the exertions that he had made.

Rupert dropped the point of his rapier until the keen edge of the polished blade sunk into the soft loam at his feet.

"Are you satisfied?" the sailor asked, with a grim smile upon his handsome features.

"No!" cried the youth, fiercely, his breath coming thick and fast.

"Not yet satisfied?" said Rupert, in a tone of wonder.

"No, nor will I be until I stretch you lifeless on the earth!" and the stripling clenched his teeth together firmly.

"One question: why do you hate me so bitterly?" the sailor asked, a puzzled look upon his face.

"Because you are the foe of Captain Estevan. You stand in his path; I would remove you from it!"

"And that is the only reason why you seek my life?" Rupert asked.

"Yes."

"You are either the truest friend that the world ever saw, or else a madman," the sailor said, thoughtfully.

"Will you grant me five minutes' breathing time?" the youth asked. It was evident that he needed it, for every nerve of his frame was in a quiver of excitement.

"Ten, if you like, senior," Rupert replied, politely, and then he walked slowly to where Garcia and Andrews stood.

Baptiste advanced to the side of the youth.

"For Heaven's sake, cease this folly!" he cried, imploringly.

"Never, until he or I have fallen! Do not try to move me from my resolution. I am as fixed as yonder giant tree!" cried the youth, impatiently.

"I say, cap'n, he's rather behind the lighter; he didn't even scratch you," Andrews said, with a dry chuckle.

"No; but the boy is an excellent swordsman, though," Rupert replied, thoughtfully. "Were his wrist as strong as mine, one or two of his thrusts would surely have gone home. His attack called into play all that I know of the sword. There is more danger in this fiery youth than I guessed. If my foot should happen to slip, my account with this world would be settled."

"For your own safety, Rupert, I advise you to wound this hot-headed boy. The sight of blood may cool his courage," Garcia said, seriously.

"Yes, do it, cap'n!" cried Andrews.

"Damnation! he may tickle you with that toad-sticker of his'n, if you ain't careful. You haven't tried to wound him yet."

"No; I have acted entirely on the defensive. But it is time to change my tactics. I did not wish to hurt him; but now I see that it is necessary for my own safety to let out some of his hot blood," Rupert said, slowly.

"Come on again, senior!" cried the youth, advancing sword in hand.

Rupert obeyed the mandate, but hardly had he crossed swords with his opponent, when the youth began a series of terrific thrusts. Borne back by the vigor of the attack, for the first time Rupert gave way. With renewed energy the stripling pressed his advantage. The point of the rapier slipping under the guard of the sailor entered his side, felt the hot sting of the steel. A cry of rage came from his lips. With a desperate effort he broke through the guard of his foe and lunged straight at his heart. The youth avoided the deadly stroke by nimbly springing backward. Before Rupert could recover from the disadvantage caused by the force of the thrust, which had placed him out of distance, the stripling, quick to improve the opportunity, with another deftly-given stroke pierced the sailor in the shoulder.

Angered by the smart of the two wounds, although both were but scratches, Rupert attacked the youth furiously. The steel clashed as the shining blades twined around each other. The youth, overpowered by the fury of the attack, gave ground. The sailor followed him up closely. Thrust followed thrust in quick succession. Again the steel of the stripling tore through the shoulder of Rupert. But that slight triumph cost the stripling dear, for the next moment the strong arm of the sailor sent the light blade of the youth whirling in the air and the same arm was drawn back to give the death-blow.

With glaring eyes and compressed lips, no look of fear on his face, the stripling awaited the thrust that would bring death with it.

A moment Rupert held the blade of the rapier poised in the air, the life of the youth at his mercy. Then a strange look swept over his dark face.

"Boy!" he cried, "for the sake of the mother who perchance waits at home for her son, I spare you. Your life is mine by honor's laws. I disdain it and give it back to you again freely. Go; let this be a lesson to you!"

Rupert turned upon his heel.

With a bound, the youth recovered the sword that Rupert had stricken from his hand.

"I despise your mercy!" the stripling cried, fiercely. "This duel is to the death. But one of us will never leave this glade alive. Stand upon your guard, dog of an American! Already you have felt the point of my rapier. Three times has it been stained in your blood; the next time it will pierce your heart to its center."

"Stay!" exclaimed Garcia, advancing with outstretched hands; "this must not be. You live, young sir, solely through the mercy of this senior," and he pointed to Rupert.

"As you truly say, three times you wounded him, and yet, when his skill had deprived

you of your weapon, and you stood before him helpless, your life his by the laws of the duello, he spared you."

"One, or both of us must die," said the youth, hoarsely.

"Let him have his way!" cried Rupert, a frown of anger coming over his face. "By the blood that his sword's point has drawn from me, I swear that he shall have his wish. One of us shall die."

"But, gentlemen!" exclaimed Garcia.

"Words are useless with this rash fool!" said the sailor, anger gleaming in his dark eyes. "Retire, senior, and do not waste your breath in useless entreaty. I am bleeding from these wounds; as yet, he is unhurt. Let him have his way and meet the death he seeks."

Leaping on his sword, the youth had been impatiently waiting for the conversation to end.

Garcia retired, and again the two faced each other. Every muscle in the form of the youth was trembling with excitement, while, on the contrary, the arm of the sailor was as firm as solid rock.

The swords crossed; a few passes and it was apparent to all that the life of the youth was at the mercy of his opponent. The strength of the stripling had been exhausted by the long-continued struggle. A sudden turn of the sailor's wrist and again the sword of the youth was sent spinning from his hand.

With a cry of mingled rage and despair the boy drew an already cocked pistol from his breast, and leveling it full at the head of Rupert, fired. The action was so quick that the sailor could hardly guard against it.

The aim of the youth—wild with passion—was false though, and the ball whistled by Rupert's head, but on its way it shattered the light blade of the rapier in twain.

"Cowardly hound!" cried Rupert, in rage, dashing the shattered blade to the earth.

"Assassin! I'll crush you like a worm!" Then with a panther-like bound, Rupert sprang upon the youth. He seized him in his strong arms and raised his light form from the ground as if to dash him headlong to the earth. But, hardly had Rupert unfolded the youth in his strong arms, when, with a cry of astonishment, he relaxed his grip and recoiled from him.

The youth fell senseless to the ground.

CHAPTER XVII. THE INDIAN SPEAKS.

The commandante, Don Alvarado, sat on the broad veranda that encompassed his mansion. Leaning his arm carelessly on the railing, around which the leafy vines clung, filling the warm summer air with their sweet incense, he was gazing afar off on the motionless surface of the bay where, on the moonbeams played in myriads of silvery lights. But though gazing seaward, he saw, not the broad expanse of the waters. His eyes were fixed on vacancy. His thoughts went back to years long gone. Again he stood within the great greenwood and saw the wigwams of the savages. Again a dusky face flitted across his vision, a face perfect in its beauty, although the red hue of the Indian was on its cheek and the warriors of the Apalachee nation claimed her as a sister.

"Can it be possible," he murmured, "that this stranger, who calls himself an American, first saw the light beneath these southern skies? He has her eyes of fire; is like her too in feature. The will of Heaven sometimes works in wondrous ways. If he be the child grown to manhood, his presence here is a warning to me, that I may yet be called to account for the crime done in early youth, when the hot blood ran riot in my veins. It does not seem possible, and yet I fear."

The shadow of a dark frown fell upon the face of the Spaniard. He started in alarm, for he had not heard the sound of footsteps approaching him. He looked up and beheld the massive figure of the old Indian chief standing by his side.

"My brother jumps like the deer when he hears the alligator splashing in the bayou," said the chief, a grim smile upon his face.

"When a man looks back over his past life and sees that he has done wrong, it makes a coward of him; his blood turns to water," the Spaniard replied, slowly, a look of sadness upon his face as he spoke.

"My brother knows then that he has played the part of a fox, rather than the sound of the panther?" the Indian asked, with a searching glance into the face of the commandante.

"Yes."

"Why has it taken the white chief so long to discover that he has crept in the grass like a snake and used the forked tongue?"

"I can not answer the question. Age brings reflection. When passion fires the veins we do not stay to reason."

"When my brother first came to the flower," he was a young brave—a small chief in his tribe; now he is a big one—the long-fingers follow his lead. Will he crush the stranger with the red skin like the Indian, who seeks the love of the white singing-bird?"

The Spaniard started at the words. He gazed into the face of the aged Indian, as though he would read there the answer to some question revolving in his mind. But the face of the red-man was a blank whereon no writing could be read.

"Chief, answer my question!" the commandante cried in haste. "Is this man the son of Lupah?"

"The mind of the Indian is like the log before the totem is graven on it. He does not remember," replied the savage, evasively.

"Why play at cross-purposes with me?" asked the Spaniard, a sad look upon his face. "If he's the son of the Indian girl, I stand ready to answer with my life for the wrong I have done him, if I am called upon to make the sacrifice."

"Let my brother open his ears and listen," said the Indian, sententiously.

"I wait my brother's speech," the commandante exclaimed, with evident impatience.

"The stranger, whose face is red like the face of the Indian, has gained the love of the white singing-bird. She would leave the lodges by the sea and fly with him to his wigwam afar. The son of my brother, the young Spanish warrior, also loves the white squaw and he hates the stranger chief. Twice, like a snake, his brave has trailed the stranger in the forest. He seeks his life. The Great Spirit above has not willed that the stranger brave should fall and find a grave in the flower-land. He must not die by the hand of my brother's son, or by the snakes that crawl at his bidding. Nor must the red stranger kill the young white brave. The Great Spirit above would veil his face with sorrow, and cry

like the wind from the Salt Lake, when it howls through the tree-tops. Let my brother tell his son to crawl no more in the path of the stranger, or the chief of a thousand warriors, whose home is by the great Yellow River, will put his foot upon his head and crush it as he would crush the rattlesnake when he crossed the path of the red-man in the bayou. The red chief has spoken—let my brother heed the warning, or he will weep tears of blood, for the death of his young brave."

The Indian turned upon his heel as if to depart.

"One moment stay, chief!" cried the Spaniard, springing to his feet, in breathless anxiety.

"Well; the red warrior waits," and again the Indian turned his stolid face toward the commandante.

"Will you not answer my question as to who this man is?" the Spaniard asked.

"Look!" and with a majestic gesture, the Indian removed the blanket that covered his breast.

There, deeply stamped in a strange bluish tint, shone the totem of a "winged whale."

A cry of horror burst from the lips of the Spaniard when he looked upon the strange emblem.

He covered his face with his hands as though he would shut out the horrid sight.

When he again looked upon the veranda, the Indian was gone.

"My suspicion was truth then!" the Spaniard cried, in tones of anguish. "This young stranger is the son of the Indian girl. I owe him a life; will he demand the forfeit? Full well I remember the scene in the forest glade and the curses that the aged Indian—the Great Medicine Man of the Apalachees—called down upon my head. To escape the wrath of the red sons of the forest, I fled across the ocean. Why did fate

CHAPTER XVIII.

ANOTHER MYSTERY.

THE strange words of the father filled Estevan's mind with amazement.

"Why, father," he said, in wonder, "I do not understand."

"And I can not explain—or at least not now. At some future time, perhaps, I can tell you all," the commandante said, slowly, "but now, my son, promise me that you will not raise your hand against this man."

Estevan gazed at his father's face. He saw that he was thoroughly in earnest.

"Well, since you wish it, I promise you that I will take no further steps to bring about a hostile meeting with this stranger."

"No further steps?" said the commandante, in wonder. "Have you already quarreled with him?"

"I noticed his attentions to Isabel on the night of the ball; a lover's eyes are keen to detect a rival. I sought him out and warned him not to tread longer in the path that he seemed inclined to pursue."

"And his answer?"

"Defied and laughed at me."

"The hot blood is in his veins too," the commandante murmured, sadly, to himself. Estevan did not catch the muttered words of his sire.

"But Isabel?"

"I will speak to her," the father said, slowly. "Oh, my son, remember your promise—not to seek this darkened stranger with hostile thoughts. No greater calamity can befall me in this world than his death by your hand or your death by his."

"You speak in riddles, father," Estevan exclaimed, in amazement, at a loss to guess the reason of this strange agitation that his father betrayed so plainly.

"The day may come when I can tell you all; tell you of my crime committed long years ago, for which, seemingly, fate reserves a heavy retribution. But, at present, I am groping in the dark; yet I trust that before the morning light shall come, all will be as clear as noonday to me. Do not press me to explain, for I can not do so at present."

Slowly the commandante walked away, his eyes bent upon the ground. Estevan remained transfixed with wonder.

"In Satan's name! what folly is this?" the Spanish captain cried, impatiently.

"Spare the life of this man? Sooner would I spare the venomous snake coiled in my way with head raised to strike. No, if there be virtue in gold and steel, he dies. What can have produced this fantasy that thus fills the mind of my father with such strange conceits? By my sword! it is wonderful! In all my life I never knew him to give way to such thoughts. I'll meet the American, then, and I'll keep all the promises in the world. Kill him too, if I can, though a thousand demons stood beside me and cried, hold!"

The firm-set lips and the look of stern determination upon the face of the Spanish captain, gave ample proof that he intended to keep—not the promise that he had given to his father—but the oath in which he had compassed the death of his foe.

Estevan descended from the veranda and walked slowly in the direction of his quarters. His mind was busy in thought.

"I must keep close watch upon Isabel," he muttered. "No, I must keep her as close as I can, she will be apt to yield to the temptation of stealing forth by night, covered from observation by the darkness, to meet him. I'll sound some trusty fellows of my company, and it is likely that the lovers will have an event in their walk that they little dream of. Then in the obscurity of some dark corner, a sudden dash, a keen sword-thrust, and the career of my rival is ended."

And thus darkly musing, the young Spaniard held on his way.

We will return to the little group that stood in the forest glade.

Baptiste beheld the senseless form of the stripling fall to the earth, with a cry of horror.

With the quickness of thought, the Frenchman drew from his sheath the long rapier that dangled at his side.

"Cursed American, take your death from my hand!" and, even with the words, he darted forward and lunged full at the unprotected breast of the stripling. But, it was not fated that the American was to fall that night in the forest glade, for, in his haste, Baptiste tripped, and the blade of the rapier passed through the loose white shirt of the American, just grazing his side.

With a cry of rage at the treacherous attack, Rupert grasped the Frenchman in his muscular arms, raised him from the ground and cast him headlong to the earth.

Baptiste struck with a dull thud on his face, and then rolled over on his side, stunned and bleeding.

"The cowardly skunk!" cried Andrews, who had dashed forward to assist his friend. Catching one of the rapiers from the ground, he put the point to the neck of the stripling. "Cap'n, I ought to let daylight right through him!" he exclaimed.

"Hold your hand, Andrews!" cried Rupert, in haste. "Do you not see that it is a woman?"

"A female! Oh, jumping jingo!" exclaimed Andrews, in dismay, dropping the rapier, as though the handle had suddenly become red-hot and had burnt his fingers, at the same time retreating a few paces from the prostrate figure.

"A woman!" and Garcia knelt by her side.

The broad-leaved hat had fallen off, and now that its shadow no longer covered the face, it was plain to all that they looked upon the features of a woman.

"Well, of all the mad spells that I ever did hear tell on!" Andrews muttered, in amazement, as he scratched his head, thoughtfully.

"I did not dream that she was a woman until I held her in my arms," Rupert said, slowly. "Then, when I felt her perfumed breath upon my face, and felt the soft outlines of her form, that, with a grasp of steel, I held to my breast, the truth flashed suddenly upon me."

"This man probably knew the secret," Garcia remarked, referring to Baptiste, who still lay senseless on the sward, whither the strong arms of Rupert had cast him.

"Yes; and thinking I had killed his mistress, was the reason why he made that furious attack upon me."

"If he hadn't stumbled, cap'n, you would never have given another command on board the saucy brigantine," Andrews said.

"The old saying is a mistake and a mile," Rupert replied, a smile upon his dark features. "But, Andrews, look to yonder fellow, while I try to revive the girl."

Rupert knelt by the side of the senseless

maid, while Andrews strove to bring Baptiste back to consciousness.

Slowly the girl opened her eyes and gazed around her with a bewildered look. For a moment memory was a blank; then, suddenly, she remembered all.

"You are living!" she murmured, gazing into the dark face of Rupert as he bent over her.

"Yes, lady, I am living!" he replied, slowly.

A burning blush spread rapidly over the girl's face when the words of the sailor told her that her secret was discovered. She raised herself upon her elbow and covered her face with her hand.

Quietly Rupert rose from her side and retired a few paces. He judged rightly when he thought that the disguised maid would prefer to rise unaided.

Slowly the girl rose to her feet and passed her hand over her forehead with a bewildered air. Her system had not yet fully recovered from the effects of the terrible conflict that she had passed through.

At the same moment that the girl rose from the ground, Baptiste opened his eyes and gazed, with a scowl, into the weather-beaten face of the Yankee who bent over him.

Andrews noticed the scowl, and, with a look of mischief sparkling in his shrewd eyes, drew a heavy pistol from his bosom. He cocked the weapon and placed the cold muzzle against the temple of the prostrate man in a way that was extremely uncomfortable to that gentleman. Although Baptiste was as brave as a lion, he could not repress a shudder when he felt the pressure of the cold steel against his flesh and realized that a single motion of the Yankee's finger would scatter his brains in wild confusion.

"We're kinder got a little the best of this affair," Andrews said, coolly; "do you surrender?"

"Yes," muttered Baptiste, sullenly.

Andrews removed a pistol that was stuck in the belt of the Frenchman, felt in his breast for concealed weapons, and finding none, permitted him to rise.

The girl uttered a cry of alarm when she looked upon the bruised face of Baptiste. The blood trickled slowly from the slight wounds he had received from his face coming in violent contact with the ground.

"You are hurt, Baptiste!" she said, in a tone of self-reproach. "Hurt, and for me, unworthy creature that I am!"

"Don't speak of it, Nanon," said Baptiste, a glow upon his face; "the bruises are fleabites. I'd go through fire and water to serve you." Then the Frenchman turned to Rupert, who stood, with folded arms, gazing upon the scene. "Senor, I attempted your life like a coward. I can only plead in excuse that I thought you had killed this girl, whom I love better than I do my own life. In my blind fury, I had but one thought, to avenge her death. My life is yours," and Baptiste bowed his head, humbly.

"I kneel to plead for that life!" cried Nanon—for it was indeed the French girl—and she cast herself at the feet of Rupert.

"Your request was granted, ere it was asked," the sailor replied, raising the maid from her knees.

"And my pardon?"

"Granted also, lady, although I can not guess why you should seek my life, a stranger to you, than I do my own."

"I can not tell you," she said, in a low voice, and again the burning blush swept over her cheeks.

The two turned to depart.

Andrews caught Baptiste by the arm as he passed by him.

"Say! what in thunder made the gal fight for the Spaniard?" he asked, in a whisper.

"She loves him," Baptiste replied, in low tones, a sigh coming from his lips.

The two passed on, and soon the shadows of the wood hid them from sight.

"And you love her too," Andrews muttered, reflectively to himself, as he watched the twin depart.

Conversing upon the strange scene that had just transpired, the friends returned to the town. Rupert's wounds had been examined before they left the little glade and found to be only scratches, which a day's rest would cure.

The hour of midnight came. All was quiet within the little city that slumbered by the silvery waters. The great moon sailed with majestic splendor over the vaulted arch of heaven.

Within his chamber, in the house of the merchant, Garcia, Rupert slept.

He knew not that two dark forms stood by his bedside, and that the wick of a little taper shed its dim light over the room, for the sleeper slept soundly.

One of the dark figures drew down the covering that hid the manly breast of Rupert, and there, on the reddish-tinted skin, in a strange hue of blue, shone the mystic sign, "Winged Whale!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 57.)

The Iron-bound Chest.

BY M. O. ROLFE.

THERE were four of them—Mr. and Mrs. Cheyne, Grandma Hirl, and Mr. Fordyce—all sitting around the fire in the parlor. Just now they were talking of the morrow.

"And the plate," broke in Mrs. Cheyne.

"What shall we do with the plate?"

"Yes, the plate," said Grandma Hirl.

"That plate's got to be carried to the bank in the morning; for I couldn't take a minute's comfort all night long if you were to go away and leave all that silver in the house! I couldn't go to sleep for thinking of robbers, and I couldn't keep asleep for dreaming of thieves. Yes, Oliver, you must carry that plate to the bank, and have it locked up in the strongest safe there. Why, I just think of the temptation to men in the housebreaking business! What should we do without our chest of plate—the heaviest and richest in the whole city?"

If Grandma Hirl had a weakness, it was for the family plate, which furnished her an everlasting subject of conversation. She delighted in telling every one that would listen to her interminable story how it had been presented to Sir Darcy Cheyne—a peer of England—as she was very fond of terming him—by Queen Elizabeth, and how it had been handed down from father to son, until it came at last into the possession of her son-in-law, Oliver Cheyne, a well-known broker in Wall street.

Two or three years previously the banker's family had been honored with a visit from Mrs. Cheyne's brother, Hiram Hirl, of the little village of G—, New Jersey,

which visit they proposed going on the morrow to return. They were to be from home but one night, yet they thought it expedient to place the family plate in safety and beyond the possibility of being disturbed by burglars.

"Yes," said Mr. Fordyce, in his turn. "What will you do with the plate?"

He was the banker's younger brother, whom he employed as secretary and confidential clerk, and who had dropped in this evening to get his orders for the next day, ere Mr. Cheyne's departure on the early morning train. He had sat thus far without paying any apparent heed to the arrangements for the conduct of the household affairs; but as soon as the family plate was mentioned, he raised his head and evinced a strange interest in the conversation. He asked the question eagerly and anxiously, as though a great deal depended on the reply.

"It is very heavy," said Mrs. Cheyne, "and not easily moved. I think it would be better to have the great iron-bound chest as at the bank."

"Oh my!" ejaculated the old lady. "I couldn't sleep a wink all night long—and everybody knows that the Cheyne plate is the heaviest in all New York."

"I think there will be no great danger," interrupted Mr. Cheyne, addressing his younger brother. "We shall be absent but one night."

"There can be no possible danger," said Mr. Fordyce. "You can lock the plate in the iron-bound chest; and, if you wish it, I will stay here to-morrow night. I doubt not John and I are capable of taking care of one chest of plate. Eh, John?" and Mr. Fordyce nodded carelessly toward sturdy John, who had just entered the room.

"Yes, Mr. Fordyce," said the serving-man, turning short around and facing the company. "I guess we can guard the silver. I will do my share toward it; that is, if you will stay here and bear me company; but I wouldn't dare undertake it alone."

"I shall gladly stay, if you wish it," rejoined Mr. Fordyce, turning again toward his brother.

"It would oblige me greatly if you could make it convenient to do so," was the reply. "Grandma seems somewhat timid as far as the plate is concerned."

"I will stay," said Fordyce Cheyne, rising to depart. "Have you any further orders before I go?"

"Nothing more, I believe—only you may leave the bank early and come up here. Not that I think the plate is in any danger, but grandma and John may feel more secure if they know there is some one at hand on whom they can call if any thing occurs to alarm them."

A few minutes later Mr. Fordyce bade his brother's family good-night, and walked away, down the street, in the direction of his hotel.

Had the banker suspected what thoughts ran riot in his brother's mind at this moment, he would scarcely have made such arrangements as he had for the safe keeping of his valuable property.

"Yes," said Mr. Fordyce, walking onward with downcast eyes and hands thrust deep down in his pockets. "I will do it! It was an unjust will that deprived me of my share of my father's property, giving it all to him, because there is five years difference in our ages, and that difference in his favor. The family plate is worth ninety thousand dollars. With ninety thousand dollars I can leave New York and America and live out the remainder of my life in France or England. I could wish no better opportunity than this, which is to place all of the Cheyne plate in my hands. Why should I not improve it? I have lived long enough as a poor, half-paid clerk—a hireling, dependent on the bounty of my own brother. I will try the life of a gentleman of fortune. I'll pause a moment, and then continued: "There is no one to oppose me—no one—but an old man and an old woman. They had better sleep soundly, and I think they will—chloroform will make them rest. I will not be foiled! The lives of one cowardly serving-man and an old woman shall stand between me and the possession of riches! Oh, I shall roll in gold! The rich will flatter, and the poor shall fawn to me! I shall roll in gold!"

The banker and his wife left on the early morning train, little dreaming of the tragic events that were to transpire in their home before the dawn of another day.

Grandma Hirl spent the day in eying every passer-by suspiciously from her station behind the red curtains of the parlor windows, and discoursing to John of the family plate, which she visited four or five times during the day, returning to her seat in the great easy-chair much relieved at finding the iron-bound chest securely fastened and seeing no signs of burglars.

Just before night began to gather her dusky shadows, the little city of Fordyce drove a cart up a secluded alley, and, arriving at the rear of his brother's house, tied his horse to a ring in the wall, directly under one of the windows looking out of the room in which the chest had been placed. Then he went away, around a square, and ascending the marble steps before the same building, gave the door-bell two or three violent jerks.

This summons was answered after a lapse of nearly five minutes by Grandma Hirl in person, who opened the door, timidously, and peered out through the crack to assure herself that there was not a burglar seeking admittance.

"Oh! so it is you, Mr. Fordyce," she said, opening the door far enough for him to enter, and then shutting it to with a bang. "I had begun to fear that you had been detained at the bank and could not come."

"I think," said Mr. Fordyce, "that I had better look to the plate before settling down for the evening."

"It's all right, Mr. Fordyce," said the old lady, in her own voluble way; "for I've been in to see it five times to day, and I hardly think that any one, however daring, would venture after it by daylight; though I must say the temptation is tremendous, it having been presented to our titled ancestor—"

"Nevertheless," interrupted Mr. Fordyce, uneasily, perceiving that the old lady was following him toward the door of the room containing the chest of treasure, "I think I'll go in and assure myself that all is secure. Meanwhile, you may go into the sitting-room, and place a pair of Oliver's slippers before the fire. I mean to make the most of my night's lodging in a brown-stone front."

The old lady did as requested, and Mr. Fordyce passed in and stood before the great iron-bound chest of plate—the price for which he had started to take Ned-

die—that was his name—from his sports, and carry him to the cabin. He was unused to play like this, and I feared he might fall in some of his tricks; and then, thinking now was a good time for him to learn the ropes, and as the skipper, who was in his room, did not seem inclined to interfere, I again turned away and soon forgot him altogether. For some time I leaned over the rail, talking with the mate, when, suddenly, a cry sounded on deck, that almost froze the blood in my veins."

"A boy on the main-truck! A boy on the main-truck!"

Almost stricken with terror, I dared not for a moment turn my eyes toward the mast-head. At last, however, I ventured to look up. I never shall forget the sight. There, on that narrow, circular platform, so far above our heads, with his curly hair floating to the breeze, stood the skipper's boy! To those who have never been on shipboard this may not seem so perfectly awful as it did to us poor sailors, as we gathered there on deck, with our eyes riveted on that little object so far above our heads, momentarily expecting it to be dashed to our feet, a broken mass.

For many feet below him the slender spar rose, a smooth, tapering stick, so small that a man's hand might easily have reached round it; for ten feet below not a single object intervened. The slightest motion of the ship, but the feeblest puff of wind, and down, down he would have been hurled.

There are times when we are completely powerless to act, however great may be the necessity. Such a time seemed to have fallen on us now; though all knew that the boy was in one of the most perilous positions that could be imagined, we were, as it seemed, wholly deprived of the means to release him.

And, indeed, it did seem almost impossible for the boy to get safely down. He could not regain his hold on the spar, even though he were to balance himself far over the edge of the main-truck. It seemed strange how he ever could have got up.

I looked at the mate beside me. He was silently removing his blue jacket, and quickly measuring the distance to the masthead.

"For Heaven's sake, Jack, do not frighten the boy," I exclaimed, as he shot swiftly past me, and swung himself into the shrouds. "If he realizes the danger of his position, God only knows what will become of him!"

"Never fear," returned the sturdy fellow, and he was gone.

The boy seemed totally oblivious of his peril, and was still standing with his gaze following the ripples as they rolled leisurely seaward. Jack was already halfway up, when the shaking motion attendant upon his climbing startled the boy, and with a quick shudder, he dropped back on his hands and knees, and reached over, trying to grasp the mast. Then it was that he became aware that he was trapped.

"Keep still, Neddie, for your life, or you will fall!" shouted the mate, as he sprang upward with renewed energy. The last yard was at length reached, and settling himself firmly, he held his arms over his head as he cried:

"Climb out on the truck, Neddie, and drop into my arms."

Obedient to the word, the child crept faintly, and then, grasping the rim, swung lightly over. With awful suspense we waited. What if Jack should fail to catch Neddie as he shot downward? We had hardly time to think of it ere the boy called out, tremblingly:

"Take Neddie—Neddie fall!"

"Drop away, my darling, and do not fear," replied the bold mate, cheerily.

Many of the men turned away, unable to keep their eyes fixed on the scene. When again they looked, Jack held the boy tightly in his grasp.

Then what a shout went up from that deck! The boy was saved. When all was over I cast a glance at the skipper, who had arrived only in time to see and realize his darling's peril. He was fearfully pale, and he breathed convulsively. No one but a parent can know the agony he suffered in those few moments.

"Heaven bless you, Jack," he whispered, with tears in his eyes, as he grasped the mate's hand when he placed the boy in his father's arms. "I never shall forget this of you," and I think not one of us ever forgot that thrilling scene of the boy on the main-truck.

Remarkable Mineral Spring.—A Pennsylvania paper has the following first-class notice of Ipeac Springs, in the oil region. It will be seen that the springs are bound to become a great summer resort:

"These celebrated springs are located near the delta of Church Run, and are much resorted to by those who can not afford wells and aquatic fowls from neighboring duckeries. The water is quite as nasty as that of Saratoga or White Sulphur Springs. It is very strongly impregnated with that valuable mineral, 'tin,' and several five-cent pieces have been dipped up, supposed to have come from the pockets of a peddler who was drowned in the largest of these springs some years since. It also cures dropsy, corns, worms, willamoussness, acidity of the tongue, constipation of the ear, weakness of every description (whether for gin, billiards or horse-racing), and liver complaint. No one living, who has tried these waters, ever complained of his liver again. In fact, if taken in a proper manner, with force-pump and hose, it is advisable in every complaint that afflicts humanity or inhumanity. Taken as a cathartic, three or four times a minute, and a quart to a drink, it not only remedies all impurities from the Elementary Dutch Gap canal, but builds up and strengthens the principal source of vitality, and smooths, as it were, his pathway to the tomb."

The following analysis of these springs was made by Professor Rootentoot, of Pit-hole University, a man whose experience as an oil-smeller and reputation in this kind of 'biz' are sufficient guarantees of its correctness:

Chloride of soap.....6454
Chloride of benzine.....40
Iodide of frogspittle.....700
Bicarbonate of blue mud.....300
Fluoride of Muscovy duck.....800
Biborate of old stogas.....2524
Bromide of tadpole.....800
Organic matter.....trace
Inorganic matter.....none

Difficulty is a severe instructor set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better, too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill: our antagonist is our keeper.

Neddie's Peril.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

BY VERMILION VERNER.

A TERRIBLE storm that swept over old ocean cost us a spar, and sent us into the quiet harbor of St. Yemlo for repairs.

This was the first accident of the kind that had befallen us, the cruise of the Lone Star being noted for quickness and perfect safety.

You may be assured then we were somewhat taken aback by this unexpected and unforeseen event; had we not had the most glorious spell of weather afterward, I fear some of us might have taken it upon himself to complain.

For days and days not a ruffle disturbed the bosom of the deep, blue sea, and so clear was the water we could see ourselves reflected there as we lay silently in the bay.

And so, despite the labor of making and replacing the broken mast, we passed the time pleasantly, and I think I may say happily. We had so nearly completed our repairs, that we anticipated clearing our anchor with the next tide, and the crew were jovial with the thought that soon we should be away over the rolling billows.

On the day before our departure I, together with the second-mate, a stalwart fellow, Jack Marlin by name, sat on deck, listening to the crew as they idly lounged about the deck spinning yarns, and now and then turning our attention to the movements of the skipper's boy, a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed little fellow, as he climbed about the rigging and shrouds. He was a bright, nimble boy, and for a time he kept us constantly laughing at his capers.

Once or twice I had started to take Ned-

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Our store of "the best things by the best authors" is now so ample that, more than ever before, can we command the attention of those seeking for Literary Surprises.

The list of already published SATURDAY JOURNAL SERIALS is indeed a brilliant one. Such a rapid succession of *First-Class Romances* has indeed been rare in the history of popular journalism, and the success of this paper has been commensurate with this excellence, since, in one year's time, the SATURDAY JOURNAL has taken its place in the van of the Weeklies.

So true is it that the American Reading Public is both discerning and exacting.

Following up this remarkable success with the spirit TO LEAD AND NOT TO FOLLOW guiding us, we have prepared, for our SUMMER LITERARY CAMPAIGN, a number of Novelties whose marked contrast with the hum-drum and silly sentimentalism of ordinary weekly papers will create remark. The list of these novel novels comprises among others, the following:

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We have, too, a most powerful and unusually impressive romance of New England Life from the pen of Dr. Wm. Mason Turner—whose fascinating pen will continue to cite for our pages.

Also one of Mr. Albert W. Aiken's most peculiar and popular serials—a literary surprise for his immense constituency of readers, who now regard him as one of the very best of living romancers.

A grand, good sea romance by the old favorite Ned Buntline, is awaiting "its turn." It is in the best vein of his earlier years.

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Those, of course, constitute only a portion of the treasures which we propose to bestow upon our friends. Each issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL in future, as in the past, will be a repository of the best things in prose and verse which a keen sagacity in selection, great care in editorial revision, and liberal pay to writers can secure.

Foolscap Papers.

A Romant.

The soft beams and rafters of the translucent May sun slipped through the apple leaves overhead, and re-gilded the brass hair of Seraphina as she stood, a head and two ears above her lover, in the garden this beautiful and effulgent morning in May, with the flowers in bloom and all that sort of thing. His conversation for the last hour had been concise and entertaining; he had remarked, "It is a nice morning," accompanied by a conventional cold in the head, which was very expressive. Being heroically bashful, our hero didn't waste himself in words, though he loved Seraphina with a love which morning hash had no visible effect upon.

At length he stooped and plucked a flower, and presented it to her, saying, "Seraphina, accept this delicate white flower as an emblem of my love. I do not know its poetical name, and I had not Vick's catalogue near me."

"Ah, yes," she said, through her lips—not being used to talking through her nose—"it is a fragile and aromatic Jimson." We pause. If any one is affected to tears over this tender scene, let him affect.

We take up the cotton thread of this narrative, and proceed:

"Seraphina," said he, "how many persons are you engaged to be married to?"

"Only seven," she replied, with maidenly grace.

"Then, would you consent to marry me?" said he, with tears and a small sty in his eyes.

"Would you have me blast the hopes of the others?" she asked.

"Oh, blast de others!" and here his feelings gave way, and he seated himself on a rustic bench, which also gave way, and he suddenly found himself reclining among roses—and briars, with a terrific attack of the scratches. He rose to his feet. Her smile was serene; his was ghastly. Just then a tremendous orange-peel of tempestuous thunder, accompanied by an instantaneous flash of double-bolted, red-hot lightning broke from the skies, and when she looked around, young Absalom was gone, and though she hunted for him all day with a fine tooth-comb, she failed to find him; but he was found, late in the evening, in the alley, greatly overcome by tons.

What a terrible warning all this should be to fellows who love girls taller than themselves!

Seventy-eight years after the foregoing took place, the youth stood beside the same young lady upon a cliff overhanging the murmuring sea, with the sky, as is generally the case, above their heads.

Perhaps you think that age had written its autograph on their brows, and that they were false teeth by this time? But, not so; such thoughts are slander.

She allowed him to take her hand, and also seven rings which were on her finger—the tokens of the seven suitors whom she wedded, they having lived to suit her, also, died to suit her. He printed a kiss on that hand with a Hoe cylinder press, saying, "It almost seems to me that I have waited some time to ask you again for this hand. Ahem, shall I keep it now?"

"What is your salary?" asked she.

"Ahem, six dollars a week on a tailor's bench," he answered, while a smile and some freckles overspread his features. At this she frowned upon him gloomily, which caused him to shrink to less than one-half his size, and his feet slipping at the same time, he fell over the precipice and was dashed to pieces on the cruel adamant rock, a thousand feet below.

She gave a slight scream; he happened to hear it, and immediately recollecting himself, began to climb up the perpendicular cliff, but it was like climbing a smooth brick wall. Faint from the loss of his life, while about half-way up, his senses swam, his finger-nails gave out; he saw he was about to fall again, but didn't lose his presence of mind, for he hurried down and prepared a soft place to fall upon, and when he fell his fall was broken thereby, but nothing else was broken.

She, watching him from above, fainted, and rolled off the edge of the cliff, but, when half-way down, she caught herself by the hand and lifted herself up again; then she drew to his rescue, without wings, and saved him, although the tide, rising suddenly, drowned him three times before she reached him.

Going home together, she consented to marry him.

But it came to pass that, even while he was engaged in remodeling his old coat and vest for the happy occasion, that a pair of patent-leather boots came that way, with a better looking man in them than he was, and stole her heart without being arrested for theft, and even went so far as to marry her.

Heartbroken by this last blow, our hero cut his throat from ear to ear, but, as that failed to make him feel any better over it, he sewed it up again, and concluded that he would not feel so discouraged over it, as it might have been worse, but would exercise a little patience, although a fellow's intended marrying another fellow would almost be expected to put him out of heart, at least to some extent.

But, before another thirty-five years circled away, and while yet in the bloom of youth, they were wedded. So, you see, if he had given her up he never would have married her, and this exciting story, so thrillingly told, should teach young men that where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise, or that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, or that temperance is better than gold, or that chickens, scented with pot-pie, are to be preferred, and many other valuable morals of that sort.

This is the end of this narrow-tive.

Yours, faintly,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

NOBODY'S CHILDREN.

Walking along the street, a poster stared at us from a dead wall. The line, "NOBODY'S CHILDREN," in bold type, caught our eye. It was the advertisement of a lecture. A strange subject, and one that few knew or care anything about. Yet, whenever we walk the streets, Nobody's Children haunt our steps; their squalid cries ring in our ears.

The first one we meet is a bootblack; a grim little urchin, with his dirty face, puny form and ragged clothes. Over his shoulder he swings a box, containing the tools of his trade. His eyes are bright, quick: like the eyes of a rat. To a certain extent he resembles that animal, ever ready to crouch, fight or run.

How eager is his salutation:

"Black yer boots, boss? Shine 'em up nice—only five cents; jis lemme shine 'em up."

"Interview" the bootblack. His story is a simple one, and quickly told.

"Never had a father, boss, as I know on. Mother used for to live down in Cherry street; she took in washin', she did. She got drunk, and they sent her up to the Island; never seed her no more, I did; 'specks she's gone dead."

All rattled off carelessly; the imp would show more signs of grief at the loss of a box of blacking. But, blame not the boy. He never knew what a home was, while his mother lived; the wretched basement in Cherry street was but a place where at

night he crept to sleep, when the bitter cold drove him from the streets.

You, who live in comfortable houses, surrounded by loving friends, can have but little idea how dreadful it is never to have known the meaning of the little word, *home*.

The next urchin we meet is a newsboy, "crying his paper, gayly," as the song says. But the word "gayly," applied to the cry of the boy, is a hollow mockery.

Even in the hoarse cry of the lad we detect a wail of remorse against the oppression of the world—against the terrible, unseen enemy, whose weapons, contempt and want, are crushing the life out of him, little by little.

The rat at bay will turn and fight. Why should we blame nobody's children for following the rat-like instinct which the world's oppression has created in their natures?

The other day, in one of our city courts, a lad, hardly big enough to look over the railing of the prisoner's box, was accused of stealing some little article, of trifling value, from a show-case in front of a store. The judge heard the complaint, looked into the fearful face of the child, and asked the owner if he hadn't better withdraw the complaint and give the little fellow another chance.

"No," promptly replied the world's representative. *His* creed was: no mercy to Nobody's Children!

"Then I will," said the humane judge, quietly: "you may go, boy."

Which was the better, the wiser course to adopt—to send the boy to jail, there to learn how to tread the devious paths of crime from hardened villains, or to give the infant he was little more—a chance to lead an honest life?

On a car, the other day, coming down town, a conductor kicked a newsboy off the platform. What was the offense committed by the boy? The answer is easy. He was trying to sell his papers; trying to make an honest living; striving to keep the wolf from the door, his soul from crime.

A good horseplay applied by a strong arm to the shoulders of the brute of a conductor, would have been a fitting reward for his cowardly action.

Merely, gentle reader, for Nobody's Children!

Give them a helping hand whenever you can. A few pennies—not charity—but money given for value received, may save a human life—may, more: a human soul!

FISHING.

ALL boys have a natural penchant for piscatory excursions, and from the time they arrive at the dignity of jacket and trousers they tease their mothers to let them go fishing. I used to have a notion that way, myself, when I was a little girl, (it is not quite a hundred years since) and from the time I stood on a stranded log in the river's edge, and watched my brother, with a tiny hook and line, fishing for minnows in the shady pools, where the water stood almost stagnant, I had an ambition to fish.

I tried it then, and sat on a log that was half in and half out of the water, in the shade of the overhanging trees, dropped my hook in exactly as Arcturion did to the fish, and I used to have a notion that way, myself, when I was a little girl, (it is not quite a hundred years since) and from the time I stood on a stranded log in the river's edge, and watched my brother, with a tiny hook and line, fishing for minnows in the shady pools, where the water stood almost stagnant, I had an ambition to fish.

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So I watched it in pity and dismay, and I began to think it was gifted with endless life before it ceased its frantic struggles. It was dead, at last, but my love of fishing died with it.

True, it was "only a fish." But it was a creature of life and feeling, and I don't like to see any thing suffer.

Since that experience I have always wondered what fascination there can be in fishing. How any one can bear to catch the finny creatures, and with pleasurable sensations watch them gasping in the agony of death, is a mystery. What man thinks of killing them as soon as removed from the hook? Hardly one. Instead, they die; and when done fishing the fisher composedly strings the many times still struggling victims on a pliable switch, and carries them off with the utmost coolness.

Are such things humane? are they Christian-like? Every thing has feeling, and the noblest quality of the human soul is to be considerate of the feelings of everybody and every thing. To save pain to the least of God's creatures is an act noble and praiseworthy. To be cruel is not only to pain other things, but to wrong one's self. Why do not men in fishing, as hunting, take pains to save every animal or reptile suffering? It surely would be a good work for them.

LETTIE ARTLEY IRONS.

EASY LESSONS IN SCIENCE.

(For Young People.)

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

ATTRACTION.

To the young there is no great attraction in Science, mainly because it is not rendered sufficiently attractive. Hoping to attract attention to scientific subjects, I take Attraction for my first theme.

There are several varieties of Attraction, viz: Attraction of Gravitation, Magnetic Attraction, Electric Attraction, Attraction of Cohesion, Attraction of Adhesion, Capillary Attraction, Chemical Attraction, and the Attraction of young people of opposite sex for each other.

Sir Isaac Newton discovered Attraction of Gravitation in a singular manner. He was sleeping off his beer under an apple-tree, one afternoon, when a pound-sweet fell and busted him in the snoot. This set his nose to bleeding and himself to thinking. He wanted to know what caused the apple to fall, when, as everybody knows, it wasn't a fall apple.

Why, asked Newton, in his most persuasive manner, "when the stem gave way, did not the apple shoot upward as the sparks do? and fly away instead of coming down? and that, too, when, according to the market reports, apples are not coming down?"

To our eye, although it may be all in our eye, Sir Isaac sitting in the grass under that apple-tree, studying out Attraction of Gravitation while trying to stop the nose-bleed, was one of the most interesting tableaux in history.

"I love it!" cried Newton, exultingly; and just then another apple fell and hit him on the top of the head, satisfying him there was something in it. "It's Attraction," said Newton, rubbing his head; "Attraction of Gravitation," and it has been Attraction of Gravitation ever since. Even the apple did not know why it fell (any more than Adam, who ate the first apple, knew how he fell), until Newton found it out.

Large objects attract smaller ones, as we frequently see a little man chasing after a big woman. If the earth had been smaller than the apple, the earth would have gone to the apple, even if it had to climb the tree. Newton—who knew tons of things—knew that, though it may be news to you.

The earth attracts every thing to itself within reach. No "star" can draw like it. And it is this Attraction of Gravity that establishes weight. Tumble out of a sixth-story window, though, and you can't wait; you have to go right along.

Not being a grave man myself, there is no Attraction of Gravity for me. Magnetic Attraction is developed in the lodestone, which attracts steel. Some people's fingers are lodestones, irresistibly attracted to steel. This species of Attraction bears the fashionable name of "Kleptomania."

Electrical Attraction is quite another thing. When lightning strikes a man, that is Electrical Attraction. An enthusiastic Electrician went out one day in a steel overcoat, during a thunder-storm, to get struck by lightning, so as to write up his experience. Poor fellow! He was never able to right himself up, and couldn't tell how it seemed to strike him.

Attraction of Cohesion is the force which holds together the parts of a body; whether fluid or solid. Attraction of Adhesion is that which holds dissimilar bodies together, when brought into close contact. Mixed drinks are held together by Attraction of Adhesion. When a man takes too many of them, and flies all to pieces, he loses his Cohesion, and becomes more or less incoherent.

Capillary Attraction is the addition of liquid to the interior of small tubes. It is a mistake to suppose the term originated in the attraction many people had toward the pillory, in the days of that time-honored institution. Capillary is from the Latin *capillus*, the hair, and applies to the small tubes of animals and plants. We have capillary doctors, who (a) pill-us to death. For them I have no Capillary Attraction.

Chemical Attraction is the force which holds dissimilar bodies together, and thus generates a third, different from either. It makes it bad when Chemical Attraction takes a man and woman of dissimilar tastes, and binds them together in wedlock. A third product is apt to be generated, known as domestic discord.

The above are the principal varieties of Attraction that Natural Science records.

GIVE CREDIT!

Exchanges copy largely from our columns, and frequently forget to credit the matter to the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

Our "Beat Time," "Fat Contributor," "Joe Joe, Jr.," etc., are especially popular and frequently quoted, but, in some cases, not only is the proper credit to this journal omitted, but even the author is denied the common right of recognition.

As each number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL is copyrighted, and its matter is original and paid for at large prices, we must insist upon due credit. It certainly is a just demand, for the privilege taken.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return. Book MSS. postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be stamped Book MS., and be sealed in wrapper with open end, in order to pass the mails at "book rates."—No correspondence, or MSS. of any kind, except packages marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy;" third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We return poem, "Vain Hope."—Also, "A Mid-night Plaudit."—Also, "A Grace After Blessing."—The poem, "Heavy Lids Night," is stolen. Author-presumptive is a shabby fellow to flesh other's brain-work.—"Cape May Idyl" is pretty as a Cape May belle and as silly. Something else than dross is requisite in a poem. In a belle, sense is by no means an essential.—"Lord Keep My Memory Green" is crude in its execution; not so the utterance as impassioned as the MS. demands. It is as methodic and as passionless as a stereotype.—We return "Illage Lawyer," by W. O.—Will use "The Same Old Story,"—poem MS. submitted by Frank H. W. we did not preserve; no stamps having been inclosed. Authors must obey orders if they wish their MSS. preserved. We do not hold them subject to future order.—We do not care to pay for poems like that from "Orpheus," viz: "Lines Written for an Album." Nor do we know of any paper which does pay for such rubbish. No stamps.—The composition by R. J. Stenberville, O., is very crude. Its general idea and feeling are good, but, in expression, it is wholly "in the rough." No stamps.—Have no use for "Rose Glen," "The Princess's Jewels," "A Night Song," "Be ye wise as Serpents," "Caught on a Earthquake," "The Banished Son," No stamps with the two last named.

We must answer "Agnes" with a no. Paid contributors are what good workmen are called to be. A person who cannot make a barn-door could hardly expect pay as a first-class carpenter. So with writers: a mere experimenter, or apprentice can hardly expect pay for his first efforts. In many cases, indeed, the papers should be paid for granting the use of their columns for the experiment!

Mr. O. Fiddle D. D. writes an "Address to the Reader," in which he says:

I rejoice in a name that is unknown to fame;
My verses are lame and my prose is the same;
Yet I care not—I spare not my pen for each reader,
Your nerves or your ears.

On whatever I sing the tears I still bring,
Though the changes I find in the world are things,
Yet you laugh not, you quaff not
The Pantheistic spring.

Because we fear the Fiddle thrums only the mere chords of rhyme while the theme of thought and feeling is wanting.

ADAMS has seen the recent *apocryph*, by a City Daily, of the Astrologers and Fortune-Tellers, in which these human vultures are shown up in their true character; and she asks: "Oh, can it be true that women will be so wicked?"

MAN.

BY C. A. M.

The human mind—that lofty thing!
The palace and the throne,
Where reason sits, a sceptered king,
And breathes his judgment tone,
Oh! who with silent step shall trace
The borders of that haunted place,
Nor in his weakness, own
That mystery and marvel bind
That lofty thing—the human mind.

The human heart—that restless thing!
The tempter and the tried;
The joys, yet the suffering,
The source of pain and pride!
The gorgeous-thronged—the desolate,
The seat of love, the hair of hate—
Self-strung, self-delirious!
Yet do we bless thee as thou art,
Thou restless thing—the human heart!

The human soul—that startling thing!
Mysterious and sublime,
The angel sleeping on the wing,
Worn by the ebb of time—
The beautiful, the veiled, the bound,
The earth-enveloped, the beauty-crowned,
The stricken in its prime!
From heaven, in tears, to earth it stole,
That startling thing—the human soul!

And this is man! Oh! ask of him,
The gifted and the lowly,
While o'er his vision, dream and dim,
The wrecks of time are driven:
If pride or passion, in its power,
Can chain the time or charm the hour,
Or stand in place of heaven?
He bends the brow, he bows the knee,
"Creator, Father! none but thee!"

Strange Stories.

THE MOORISH PEARL.

BY AGILE PENNE.

BATHED in the gloomy beams of the mid-day sun, the walls of Montril cast their dark shadows on the blue waters of the summer sea.

All within the little village was peace and rest.

The clock had marked the hour of noon, when into the village rode a little troop of horsemen. Their burnished arms, their warlike habiliments, and bronzed faces, told that they were soldiers of the king.

The troops numbered some eighteen men, and were led by a single officer.

To the questions of the villagers, who flocked out of their houses to gaze upon the novel sight, the soldiers answered that they were on their way to join their regiment at Granada.

And on one of the good citizens, more curious than wise, expressing his wonder at the course of the soldiers leading through Montril, much out of the direct line, the officer in command of the soldiers answered, gruffly, "That he never knew any one to lose any thing by minding his own business."

The citizen took the hint and retired. The soldiers took possession of the little inn, and the village resumed its wonted quietness.

The officer in command of the soldiers sat down at a little table, placed under the branches of an olive tree, and, with the aid of a bottle of wine, proceeded to make himself comfortable.

Then a single horseman, wrapped in a heavy cloak—although the heat of the sun was intense—rode into the village. The stranger, who was a dark-browed, sallow-faced man, with a military bearing, sat down at the table, opposite the officer.

A single glance the two gave at each other.

"Pedro, by my soul!" the stranger cried.

"Miguel Alvarez, as I'm a sinner!" the officer replied.

The two men flung themselves into each other's arms; then, again, resumed their seats.

"Death of my life!" cried the stranger, "but I'm glad to see you, old comrade!"

"Tis long years since we have met," replied the officer.

"Yes; by the way, what are you?"

"Ensign in the Musketeers of Santiago," the officer replied, with a sigh; "hard fortune and I have gone hand in hand. I'm nothing but a poor devil of a soldier. Just now, I am in command of a squad of eighteen men, ordered here to this village on some duty. I know not what, but I am to meet a certain person here from whom I receive my orders."

"Exactly; I am that person," said the other, with a quiet smile.

"You?"

"Behold!" And the stranger drew a parchment from his pocket and gave it to the soldier. The parchment bore the royal seal.

The officer raised his hat respectfully at the sign of the king's seal.

"I am at your orders, señor," he said.

"Tush, man!" cried the stranger, reproachfully; "no seniors between you and I, old friend. If fortune has smiled on me and kept you in the shade, that is no reason why we should forget that we were once comrades in the tented field, shared the same bed, drank from the same cup, true brothers in arms. You have heard of Miguel, the Monk?"

"Yes, the terrible agent of the Inquisition; the man who is almost as powerful as the king himself."

"Precisely; I am he!"

"Is it possible?" cried the soldier, in wonder.

"Quite," replied Miguel, smiling.

"Chance threw me in the way of the men who are at the head of the dreaded Inquisition. With the quickness of genius, they saw that I was the very man they wanted; I entered their service; little by little I crept upward, until, at last, the servant became the master."

"But you are no monk."

"Devil a bit!" cried Miguel, laughing; "tis but a name that the good citizens have given me, because I commonly wear this sable cloak. But, now to business. You and your troops are to obey my orders."

"To the letter."

"Good; now I'll reveal to you what object brings Miguel, the monk, to the fishing village of Montril. It's the old story, love and a woman. A woman, you know, is always at the bottom of all mischief in this world. If you remember, some three years ago our gracious king issued an edict banishing the Moors from Spain. All that remained after a certain time were doomed to die, unless they renounced their religion and became good Christians."

"Yes, I remember; but the edict is no longer enforced."

"But it still exists."

"Does the king intend to again drive the Moors forth?"

"The king, no; Miguel, the monk, yes."

When I say the Moors, I mean one Moor, and she, the fairest pearl that e'er that dusky race owned." The eyes of the stern-faced Spaniard gleamed with a strange light. "Listen, and you shall understand. I met this girl, four years ago, when I first entered the service of the Inquisition. She was the fairest maid that ever my eyes looked upon, although a daughter of the accursed Moslem race. Even now, when I think of her, it sends the hot blood dancing in every vein. This terrible edict, which banished the Moors, drove her from me. For four years I have vainly searched for her. But, at last, my patience is rewarded. I have discovered her hiding-place. She and her brother, a Moor, named Omar, with some others of the outcast race, are occupying a few huts, a half-dozen miles from here, where a spur of the sierra runs into the sea. The huts near a large cave are used, I think, as a smuggler's haunt. I will visit the Moors to-night, pretending to be a traveler who has lost his way. You will follow me and surround the Moors. If the girl accepts my love, well and good; I will bear her away, and leave the rest in peace. If she refuses, at a given signal you will advance with your men and capture all. I have determined that the girl shall be mine—if not by fair means, then by foul."

The two then repaired to the inn to arrange the details of their plan.

Forth from the branches of the olive tree dropped a lad, whose dusky features told that the Moorish blood flowed in his veins.

With stealthy steps he left the village, gained the mountain's side, and disappeared amid the trees that crowned the spurs of the sierra.

When the shades of night were descending upon the earth, a stalwart man, clad in a monkish garb, descended the rocky path that led to the sea-shore close to the cave, known to the peasantry for miles around as the Devil's Mouth, and reputed to be the hiding-place of a bold and daring gang of smugglers.

Close to the mouth of the cave clustered a few rude huts.

By the door of one of the huts sat a young girl. The fashion of the dress that she wore, as well as her jet-black eyes, hair—lustrous as the raven's wing—and rich olive complexion, told that she was a daughter of the outcast race, the banished Moors. It was the girl spoken of by the dark-faced Spaniard—Ayola, sometimes called the Moorish Pearl.

The monk explained that he was a stran-

"No; I do not love you," replied the girl, calmly.

"But is there no way by which I may gain your love?" Miguel asked, earnestly.

"Perhaps there is." Again the strange metallic ring was in the girl's voice.

"Tell me how, and I will attempt it, even though it were as hopeless as the effort to pluck the stars from heaven!" Miguel cried, passionately.

"Call back to my memory the grand square in Madrid, four years ago. A stake is in its center: an aged Moor tied to the stake; fagots heaped at his feet; around him the black-robed ministers of the Inquisition. They taunt the old and helpless man. They call upon him to renounce his faith, or die the martyr's death. The torch is applied; the smoke and flames ascend; the soul of the aged Moslem wings its way to Allah's bosom, while the gibes and taunts of the cruel Spaniards ring on the air. That aged Moor was my father, and you the merciless demon who gave him to the torture! Now you seek the daughter's love, even while the unavenged blood of the father is red upon your hands!"

Miguel, despite his iron nerve, fairly shrunk from the passionate eye of the Moorish girl. "Twas but for a moment, however, for the next instant he replied, angrily:

"You bring your fate upon your own head! Even now you are surrounded by my soldiers. A single word from me, and fire and sword will sweep your accursed Moslem kin from the hills of Spain."

"Death is near, for you, not for the Moor. Brave Selim, my lover, the master of yonder vessel, is near at hand with all his men. You are in a trap!" Ayola cried.

"Well prove that! Ho, Pedro! strike for Miguel the monk!" the Spaniard exclaimed, drawing a rapier from beneath his robe.

The soldiers rose from their ambush, only to receive a deadly fire from the concealed Moors.

Brief was the struggle. Miguel fell by a pistol-shot through the head, fired by Omar's hands, and the Spaniards fled in wild confusion.

Thanks to the intelligence brought by the Moorish lad, and the timely arrival of Selim and his smuggler band, the Pearl was saved.

Ere the moon went down, the Moors fled from the hills of Montril forever.

In the smuggler's lugger they sought peace and safety across the sea, in the land of the Crescent.



ANTOINETTE'S CURL.

Antoinette's Curl.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Miss ANSTRETH'S rather a pretty girl; don't you think so, Gus?"

Conway Fullerton blew a wreath of smoke from his mustached lips as he put the question, very deliberately, to Gustave Torrey.

"Rather pretty!" I think she's the handsomest young lady I ever saw in my life."

"W-h-e-w! I'll bet on you, Gus, for a stricken 'individual!' But why I asked your opinion was, I was naturally desirous to learn your estimation of the future Mrs. Fullerton."

And he smoked away, perfectly indifferent to the fearful start he had given Gus Torrey.

"Your wife!" Gus repeated, in a half-dazed sort of way, as he saw, in imagination, all his most cherished dreams rudely dispelled; "well, I hope she'll be happy."

Fullerton removed the cigar from his mouth.

"That's rich, now! Why don't you wish me joy, too?"

"Because, as Antoinette Anstreth's husband you can not fall of being the most blessed man living."

"Don't be envious, you know, Gus," returned Conway; "you had your chance, so had I, and I shall make the best of it to-night when I see her—"

Young Torrey's face suddenly lighted up. "I understood from what you said that you were already engaged."

"Oh, not although it's pretty much the same. I know she'll take me, at a jump, too."

"You don't deserve her, if you speak so lightly of her. But there is this one thing that you may as well know, Conway. If Miss Anstreth has, as yet, not bound herself to her own heart for the result."

He looked very noble and grand as he said it, and Conway Fullerton smiled almost contemptuously at him.

"I can not control your actions, of course, Torrey; but there's not much use."

Then he strolled off down town, and Gustave Torrey went on with his work.

He was only a civil engineer; a handsome, honest-hearted young fellow, who depended on his salary for his needs; a good-principled young man, whose aims in life

were to walk in an upright, Christian course, and make Antoinette Anstreth his wife.

He had cherished this dream so long; months and months before Conway Fullerton had been introduced to Antoinette, Torrey had known how he loved her; since then, daily, he had seen that Mr. Fullerton, with his elegant, dashing way, had drawn the girl he adored further from him.

Yet he had been surprised when Conway had declared she was to be his wife; it had come so sudden, and was such distressing news; then, when he learned there was yet a chance left him, he resolved to use it, be the result what it would.

So he went down the avenue to Antoinette Anstreth's residence, that evening, and on the doorstep he met Conway Fullerton.

"Come, we'll offer her ladyship a brace of hearts, eh, Torrey? But brighten up, man, brighten up a little, or she'll throw you over, sure."

Torrey frowned.

"I feel little like jesting. It's a serious affair to me."

"Of course, for you're certain to get the mitten, you know."

And then the door was opened, and they were shown into the cozy parlor, where Antoinette Anstreth sat, making a sofa cushion; not, perhaps, the very handsomest girl in the world, as Gustave Torrey was inclined to think, but still a charming young lady, with a pair of bright, saucy eyes, and a mouth all curves of beauty.

There were dimples in both cheeks, too, and her feet and hands were fairly like in size and outline; altogether a sweet, lovable girl, that any man would have wanted. She received her callers in her own welcoming way, and then sat down to her glowing worsted work again.

There was a little silence, and Conway Fullerton leaned over toward her chair with a delightful assumption of familiar proprietorship, while Gus Torrey, from the sofa where he had been sitting very pale and reserved, suddenly spoke.

"Miss Anstreth, perhaps you will very justly consider the place and hour exceedingly ill-timed—but I came here to-night to tell you I love you, and would make you my wife. Have I any thing to hope for?"

Antoinette looked suddenly up, a little surprised; and then her face crimsoned from forehead to chin, and her fingers trembled perceptibly. She did not make him any answer for a moment; and while the silence reigned, Conway smiled over at Gustave.

He lit a cigar, and propped his feet, very elegantly on the low marble mantel.

"I'd not be afraid to bet a hundred dollars that she takes him, after all. By George! there was something grand in the way he blurted out to-night; but, I'll spoil his game, for a time, at least."

He soliloquized frowningly.

"If I thought—if I had the least idea she'd send him that long, glistening curl—By Jove, I've two notions to do it, anyway! After all I'm not sure she's the girl for me, especially after what Conrad said a while ago, that old Anstreth was losing money daily."

Then, when his cigar was smoked up, he strolled out for a walk.

"Torrey, 'how's that for high?'"

It was Conway Fullerton who spoke in his pleasant, jocular tones, as he lounged into the young engineer's office.

"Good-morning, Con— Why, you have got it!"

His voice was thick and husky, for he had glanced up and was staring at a long, purple-black curl that Fullerton was holding tantalizingly before him.

"Yes, I have got it. What did I tell you, Gus?"

But, Gus only bit his lip to keep it from trembling; his face was pale as a woman's, and his eyes were still gazing on the silken tress.

"She gave it to you?"

"Don't be a fool, Gus. Of course she gave it to me. How could I be holding it here, otherwise?"

Torrey sat down again, and drew his sheets of paper to him, and Conway lounged out again.

But he couldn't work; wheels, levers and pins all seemed a confused mass to him; his head ached, and his heart; he felt cold, and then melting—ah, he had received a bitter dose of disappointment and grief.

He was tempted to go down to Antoinette's house and see her alone; then he remembered she went to a picnic that very morning, and he must curb his impatience till the evening. Even then, what good could come of his going? She was betrothed to Conway Fullerton, now, truly.

So he went down to his sister's, and wandered aimlessly into the cool, darkened parlors before he was aware that there were persons somewhere in the cool gloom; then, with a fierce bounding of the heart, he recognized Antoinette's voice.

"I was so tired I had to come home. Indeed, Gracie, these picnics are horrid bores, especially if one's lover is not with them. Now, my lover didn't go, so I came home."

How Gustave's blood surged to hear her call Conway her lover to his sister!

Then Grace's soft voice was heard.

"I thought Mr. Fullerton was going. His cousin Nell went, I think?"

"Yes, she was there, the disagreeable creature! we were accidentally together in the 'water grot,' and she was dreadfully officious arranging my hair. That was early this morning; she went home soon after, disgusted, I suppose, as I was."

Antoinette threw aside her hat and sacque. "Mercy! isn't it warm? don't I look like a fright? Oh, Grace Torrey!"

A sudden, sharp exclamation, for Antoinette had gone to the mirror for a girlish freak of vanity.

"What—what is it?"

Grace ran up to her friend.

"Oh! oh! that hateful Nell Fullerton has cut off my nicest curl—oh—and I was keeping it for—for your brother Gus!"

And she sat down and cried a moment; and then "brother Gus" came walking, breathlessly, up to her.

"For me, for me, Antoinette? Oh, are you sure you were going to give it to me? I understand it all now!"

He wound his arms about her waist.

"But I don't understand any of it!" said Grace, looking from one to the other.

"It means that my own darling Antoinette will one day be your sister."

And then, after a while, it all came out that Nell *did* steal the curl and gave it to Conway, at that gentleman's suggestion.

But the real curl—the one that made Gus Torrey the happiest man alive that sunny July afternoon—he wears over his heart.

Hoodwinked:

OR,

DEAD AND ALIVE.

A Tale of Man's Perfidy and Woman's Faith.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "RALPH HAMON, THE CHEMIST," "THE WARNING ARROW," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A DESTROYED DOCUMENT.

Hallison Blair was in a state of exuberance.

"Ala!" he hissed. "I hold the winning card. I play my hand—it is cunning, careful, successful. She is mine! Victor Hassan shall grind his teeth in despair. Pauline shall be my wife, and bend to my rule. I am lucky. Fortune and luck. They differ. Luck comes of itself. Fortune is acquired by labor. I have labored very little, so far. Well, what now?"

There was a tap at the door, and Gulick Brandt came in, closing the door after him.

"Is you, eh, doctor? Come, sit down. I feel in excellent spirits, very excellent. I am lucky. I was just congratulating myself when you interrupted."

As the physician appropriated a chair, he asked: "What has occurred?"

"The best thing imaginable. Read that."

He handed him the letter, purporting to have been written by Calvert Herndon, which had caused Pauline a new agony, struck so deeply to her sore heart, that she swooned under it.

Brandt read, and then returned the epistle. As Blair folded and carefully replaced it in his pocket, the other said, interrogatively: "I suppose you mean to use this in furthering your resolve in marrying Pauline Herndon?"

"Certainly; but I have already used it."

"You have shown it to her?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"Fainted! Fainted in my arms. She took it pretty hard; but I couldn't help that, you know. It had to be done; now it's over, and I have gained my point. She is undoubtedly mine! Mr. Hassan will, by force of necessity, yield the field."

"You wrote that yourself?" inquired the physician, who had detected a few deviations from the practiced chirography of the deceased.

"Yes. Is it good? I think it perfect."

"Beyond a doubt, the handwriting would be mistaken for that of Calvert Herndon."

"But, aside from that—what have you done? When have you decided the funeral shall take place?"

"It must be to-morrow. Herndon lies in a trance, produced by some powerful drug. What that drug is, I am at a loss."

"Come, you might as well stop that nonsense. It won't do, murderer of Calvert Herndon, it won't do!"

"Calvert Herndon is not dead."

"No matter; the crime is the same. Attempt to restore him if you dare. You aimed a blow at his life, meant to kill him. You are guilty, and I can prove it!" and Brandt shrunk cowering before this forcible speech. "But go on. What arrangements have you perfected?" continued the Englishman.

"The reason I say the burial must take place to-morrow is, if not then, Herndon will recover without medical aid."

"Devil! This is unlucky. We must be prompt. Have you sent the notice of his death to any of the papers?"

"Yes. I dispatched a man a few minutes since. The notice will be in time for the evening publications."

"Good. What time have you fixed?"

"Eleven A. M."

"I give you credit again. You are managing cleverly. You will gain a rich prize, doctor. We glide along smoothly, don't we, eh?"

"When are you going to place the perfect will in my hands?" asked the physician.

"Oh, as soon as possible. I have it all here. See." He took a coat from his wardrobe, and extracted from the pocket the bits and pieces of the destroyed will. At sight of the confused jumble, Brandt cried:

"Why, man, that is useless! Nothing can be made of that. If this is your sole dependence, I fear you will disappoint me."

"Not a bit of it. I could write a new will altogether, if it suited me to do so. But it doesn't suit me. I prefer another way. Don't get uneasy. When I was a boy I used to astonish my companions by arranging Chinese puzzles that would baffle the fingers of a magician. Now, I am going to put this will together in the same way. It is not a very lengthy one."

Brandt looked at the Englishman, incredulously. The latter quietly proceeded to pull off his coat, and wheeling a chair up to the table on which he had deposited the fragments, leisurely set about his most difficult task.

"How long will this take you?" was the physician's inquiry, as he glanced at the torn, uneven slips, and squares, and crooked points that lay in a discouraging pile.

Hallison Blair looked at his watch. "Just noon," he said, contemptuously. "I'll get through by four o'clock; have half an hour to get to town, and nearly three hours left, in which to finish the business."

"Are you sure you will not fail in this?"

"Positive. But you must not engage my attention now. I am very busy. Lo, there's a start."

He fingered the pieces with inconceivable rapidity and precision; and Brandt saw, as he watched, first a letter fitted in, then two letters, then a word; more letters, another word; he was progressing fast, sure, much to his satisfaction.

He had made no idle boast. What would have seemed, to another, an insurmountable task, proved a light work, an easy work, a pastime under his skill, patience, and ardent application. The looker-on marveled at the worker's aptitude.

In the midst of a deep silence came a summons at the door. The Englishman paused; the physician paled. The latter feared detection.

"Who's there; and what do you want?" interrogated Blair, composedly.

"If you please, sir," was answered from the outside, "the undertaker's wain in the parlor."

"You had better see him," turning to Brandt.

Without delay the physician arose and left the room, following the servant downstairs.

Hallison Blair, having locked the door, returned to the table and his work.

Piece after piece he took up, piece after piece he laid down; piece after piece he placed in its proper position; line after line, slowly, perfectly, readily formed itself. He labored on persistently. Moments passed; an hour; two hours passed; the lines multiplied; his fingers were busy; his eyes were busy; his mind was busy; he persevered; was determined, confident. As he applied himself the more closely, he became the more satisfied; that was plainly visible in his face.

He had predicted rightly in two things; first, he could perform what he had promised; second, he could have it done by four o'clock.

The last small corner of the parchment was adjusted; he started up, uttered a sigh of relief, an exclamation, drew forth his watch. It was half-past three.

"Fortunate! Now this is fortune. I have worked, and achieved my aim. I am first lucky, and then fortunate. Combine the two, and they are carpenter and builders of triumph."

He pulled the bell-rope, unlocked the door, and waited. A servant soon appeared, to whom he gave the order:

"Have the black horse, 'Comet,' that was the especial pride of Mr. Herndon, brought around to the front door immediately."

"Saddle, or buggy, sir?"

"Saddle. Be quick," and as the man departed, he turned to a closet, and took therefrom a bottle of gum arabic. Then, laying a sheet of Bristol board upon the table, he carefully transferred the adjusted will, piece by piece, to it. He exercised great care, occupying nearly the whole half hour left before four o'clock, and when this second feature was ended, he held up the final result at arm's length, and regarded it.

"All right," he commented, laying it in a larger book. Then he redonned his coat, took up the book, and quitted the apartment. In the large hall he met the undertaker, who was going back to the city for something necessary, leaving his assistants in charge of the supposed corpse. Blair saluted him pleasantly, remarking upon the weather and other unimportant topics, and the two went out together to the front of the house.

The undertaker's wagon was there, and also the horse ordered by the Englishman.

"As we go in each other's company," said Blair, "I would suggest that you permit me to order a horse for you. It will be much more pleasant than if you rode in your wagon. Shall I call the groom?"

"Oh, yes; certainly. If it won't incon-

venience you," bowed the boxer of dead bodies.

The second horse was brought, and the two men vaulted into the saddles.

At this juncture, Doctor Brandt came out of the house, and Blair paused as he saw the former desired a word with him.

"Did you succeed?" questioned the physician, in a whisper, resting one hand on the pommel of the saddle, and leaning forward so that the Englishman's companion might not catch their dialogue.

"Certainly," was the reply, given in the same low, guarded tone. "Harrison Blair never undertakes that which he thinks he will fail in; and once started does not stop, nor hesitate, till the object is accomplished. The will is again whole."

"But others will readily detect its having been—"

"Not when I have got through with it. Do you suppose I would show, for examination, a stitched or pasted parchment? You reflect discreditably upon my ability to perfect what I plan. When you see the will, I can defy even you to detect a flaw, and therefore any one else would fail to discover the cheat."

"How will you do this?"

"Never mind, now. I will explain when I have more time. *Au revoir!*" and he gave the horse the rein with these remarks. The two men dashed off at a gallop.

The steeds from the stables of the Home Mansion were highly mettled, blooded stock; swift of limb, and slender, graceful, symmetrical in build. No whip, nor spur was needed; the voice alone proved sufficient incentive, and the well-groomed animals fairly flew over the smooth road, speeding as competing racers.

Doctor Gulick Brandt returned to the house, and sought the library in which he had quarreled with his old friend—the room wherein he had, upon candid solicitation, tendered his advice, counsel, views in regard to business speculations, private schemes, etc., that at times merited the attention of Calvert Herndon, the retired merchant, the man of wealth, the generous, open-hearted, whole-souled man, who was universally esteemed.

As he trod the rich carpet he meditated upon the fated cluster of incidents which seemed twined about this particular period of his life. He reviewed the plot he was assisting in carrying out.

Murder! This one word stood emblazoned in dread letters of fire before Brandt's eyes, carved by an invisible demon in the foreground of his vision.

"But I am innocent!" arose constantly to his lips, as he walked back and forth.

"Twas useless. Even as the words shaped themselves, were created mentally, or in outspoken sentence, there came a mocking, tantalizing voice in his ears, reverberating through his brain, as an echo through a limitless cavern: "You can not prove it! You can not prove it!"

His temples throbbed, his knees trembled; he realized fully his situation, and sunk into the nearest chair, oblivious to all things save the knowledge of the crime to which he was an ally.

CHAPTER VIII.

A BLOW FROM BEHIND.

THE day was a lovely one. A solitude unbroken, save by the warbling of birds and soft whispering of the perfumed breezes, they gently rustled the bright green leaves, reigned in and around the Home Mansion.

Numerous cabs and carriages were to be seen slowly approaching the great gate, wheeling silently into line, and forming a lengthy cortege that stretched far down the road.

Friends, acquaintances, strangers, alike assembled in a grave, hushed way, around the parlor-door, wherein lay Calvert Herndon, garbed for the final sleep which comes inevitably to all.

At length, one by one, the sea of faces passed before, and gazed for a moment upon the cold, calm features of him who had so recently been flushed in perfect health, and not a few eyes moistened as they dwelt for the last time on that picture of serene, unstudied tranquillity.

Among the rest, was Victor Hassan. Having tried in vain to see his betrothed—being informed that she had ordered "no" to all who might seek her—he took his place, and as he filed past the rich coffin, there swelled within him an emotion impossible to portray.

In looking upon the pale face of Calvert Herndon, as the latter lay habited for the grave, he had been startled by an unexpected discovery—a discovery which, for an instant, checked the beating of his heart.

Upon the lips of the corpse, he had fancied he detected a slight moisture. Whether it was a delusion, or actual sight, he was at first unable to decide; but now he became fully impressed with the idea that Herndon was not yet dead—wholly dead.

But when the deep voice of the pastor of St. Stephens was heard, in prayer to the Giver of Life, to receive the dead man's soul, he could but think that his impressions were not to be entirely trusted; but, he determined to be satisfied nevertheless ere many hours.

A few brief minutes—then came the calls for the carriages, and the hearse moved slowly toward the gate.

Victor went out to the steps. Pauline passed him, her fair head bowed, supported upon the arm of Hallison Blair. The latter seeing Victor, glanced at him from glittering eyes of commingled triumph and hate. The train wound into the road at a slow pace, and turned toward Laurel Hill.

"I wish to see Miss Pauline, I tell you. I care not for etiquette or form; I must see her," demanded Victor Hassan, as, after the funeral, he stood at the door of the Home Mansion.

"I'm very sorry, sir," was the servant's reply, "but I have orders to admit no one—no matter who."

"Strange," he thought, turning away, for he saw that argument was useless. "What can Pauline mean by this? Refuse to see any one—me? I can not account for it."

He did not depart, but sought an arbor in the garden, where he sat down to think. It was the same arbor in which he and Pauline had exchanged their happy vows only two days before. He was surprised beyond measure that Pauline's wish for solitude had extended even to his exclusion. While thus absorbed, a form darkened the bowered entrance, and Hallison Blair stood before his rival.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Englishman, immediately. "This is a surprise. I did not expect to find you here."

"I presume not," blantly returned Victor.

"I heard that you had come to the house, and gone away," continued Blair. "Why should you remain here?"

"And why not?" was the quick rejoinder, and the young man flashed a steady gaze upon the other.

"Oh, I had no idea there could be ought to detain you, that's all," and the shoulder shrugged, and the lips smiled, sarcastically. "Naught to detain me, sir! What do you mean? Is it not natural that I should wish to see Pauline?"

"I do not see that it is. Did you imagine to meet her here? Have a cigar."

He produced his cigar-case and extended it to his rival, maintaining nonchalant composure. Victor was angry. He thrust Blair's hand aside. He neither liked nor feared the man, and the Englishman's speech contained an insult to his hot nature. The blood mantled to his cheeks as he said:

"Hallison Blair, explain yourself."

"In what respect?"

"Your words."

"Well, I shall do so. When I said that a wish on your part to see Miss Herndon was insufficient to detain you, I meant that you had no right to see her."

"No right to see her?"

"Precisely; and for the reason that she is the affianced of another."

"Affianced of another! Impossible! Who?"

"Your obedient servant—me."

Victor looked at him incredulously. "I know that you have attempted to win Pauline Herndon," he said presently, "and what little penetration I possess, tells me you are a man who would not hesitate to employ base means. But you have failed. Pauline is mine."

"No, she is not," asserted Blair, calmly; "she is mine."

"Yours? Preposterous! Mr. Herndon, ere he died, approved an engagement between his daughter and myself."

"Since which time, and also before his decease, he very wisely changed his mind. He concluded it would be more to his daughter's interest, to wed an equal and not an inferior—that equal is myself, Lord Hallison Blair, a gentleman of rank."

"It's a base lie! Mr. Herndon was not a man to stoop to duplicity. He was too noble to cherish thoughts that would crush the hopes he gave Pauline and I. I do not believe you."

"You will, perhaps, be compelled to realize it. And let me suggest that your tongue be stronger chained when it leaps to give the lie."

"If you assert this thing, I say you lie—lie basely, and insult three persons: first, the dead father of her whom you also insult by daring to call yours; and third, me, for you couple falsehoods in your language that an honorable man would scorn. I do not fear you. Though you be a peer to the laughing-moat in all Europe, here, in America, I am your equal in title, your superior as a man."

"Ha!"

"Ay, you hear and understand. I do not believe this tale. There is something behind it that will not bear scrutiny. You start! You have concocted some vile plot to ob me of Pauline. I read that in your eye. It will not remain long unexposed. The eyes of love are keen. If aught exists unworthy the approval of a true gentleman, I shall forget that unworthiness out."

Blair paled slightly. Victor continued: "As I passed the coffin to-day, to take a last look at Mr. Herndon, I saw upon his lips, which were bloodless as those of a corpse, a moisture. It was scarce perceptible, yet apparent. I suspect that Mr. Herndon, this very instant, breathes the air of a grave, while yet of this life. I mean to have my suspicion verified or denied by an examination. I feel sure that my suspicions are well founded; and if so, then we'll see if what you say is true."

During this speech, the pallor which had overspread Blair's face, deepened, visibly. When he spoke, his voice was somewhat husky.

"What—what's that you say?" he ejaculated, brokenly. "You have an idea that Mr. Herndon is not dead? You intend petitioning the authorities for permission to look into the matter?"

"More than that; I mean to examine for myself, and accept the consequences—good or bad."

"But this idea of yours is simply ridiculous."

"Whatever it may seem to you, does not trouble me, nor affect my intentions. I shall have another look at the face of the buried merchant. When I am satisfied, one way or the other, you shall hear from me again. For the present, I will overlook your insults. I bid you good-day, sir."

He turned to leave the spot, but, at that instant, he received a stunning blow upon the head from some one who had been standing behind him.

He could have recovered from his unlooked-for attack, but that the Englishman sprung forward, and struck him several times in succession about the head and temples which robbed him of all consciousness, and he sunk down to the greensward, limp, powerless.

"Well done, doctor!" cried Blair, contemplating the helpless form at his feet.

The arbor had two openings. Blair stood before the front, while the physician, coming in at the rear entrance, and overhearing a portion of the young man's words, had promptly dealt the foul blow.

"It had to be done," said Brandt. "He would have betrayed us; and our two lives are worth more than one. I think we've killed him."

"No doubt of it. We pounded him hard enough."

"And now we are in a dilemma. What shall we do with the body?"

"I see but one course. Wait a moment." He glided abruptly from the arbor, and Gulick Brandt was left alone with his victim.

After a short absence, the Englishman reappeared, saying:

"It's all right. No one is moving about the house. We will not be seen."

"What are you going to do?"

"We must take him to the cellar and bury him. There will be no difficulty in that; the earth is not hard; besides, I remember Mr. Herndon set out some fruit trees this spring, and the box they came in is in the cellar, and I have seen it there. Do you hesitate?"

"Hesitate? No. This body must be got rid of, and the plan you suggest is the only one which appears possible."

"Take hold then; we'll get in by the earth-door, and no one will see us."

The two men lifted Victor Hassan and bore him away.

Entering the cellar by the back outside

doors, they deposited the body, and each grasped a tool from the rack near at hand and went earnestly to work, digging, shoveling, till the perspiration stood upon their brows in great drops.

The hole widened, deepened, lengthened, until its capacity was sufficient to contain the box.

And then Victor Hassan was placed in this secret grave.

The loose earth was spread over the lid of the box, and that which remained, they scattered about the floor, so covering it with straw and litter that no one would have suspected that, beneath the surface, lay a second victim to man's atrocity.

When the murderous riddance was thus accomplished, the physician turned to Blair. "What have you done about the will?" he asked.

"You shall have it in due time, never fear. I have made all secure in that direction."

"Tell me your plan."

"Well, I don't mind. I propose to furnish you a lithographed copy."

"Are you sure?—are you positive there will be no—"

"No danger? Yes—certain. Money goes without fail, to the furtherance of all objects, you know. I have arranged, by bribery, with a lithographer, to get me up a true copy of the will. He said the 'job' was so delicate that he would require time. I could not do otherwise than grant it. As soon as he has it ready, he will place it in my hands."

"How deep, deep, deep we are getting!" half-muttered the physician, as he gazed down, meditatively, at the gravel loam they had cast about.

"What—do you flinch?" and Blair's eyes fixed piercingly upon his companion.

"No!" exclaimed Brandt, with emphasis. "I am afloat in this vile plot; now let me see if you outwork me in successfully managing it. I am desperate, Hallison Blair—Lord Hallison, in this new, strange, terrible position you have forced upon me! Murder now rests upon my hands if it never rested there before; and it is too late to reconsider. Our interests, henceforth, are identical; we are allied; we will work together."

The two schemers repaired to Hallison Blair's apartments, where they whiled away the time in cigars and conversation.

Toward nightfall, the Englishman rung the bell, and ordered the girl who answered his summons, to fetch wine.

She was absent quite a while; in fact, Blair was growing impatient at the delay, when at last she came.

"Well," he said, in a vexed tone, "what detained you so?"

"I couldn't help it, sir," was the hesitating and indefinite reply.

Never mind, then; begone," and as the girl withdrew, he and the physician turned their attention to the sparkling beverage before them.

CHAPTER IX.

THE UNWILLING BRIDE.

A FORTNIGHT passed, and during that time Pauline remained alone with her sorrow, scarcely ever leaving her room, except to attend meals, and quite often these were sent up to her.

The brilliancy of her eyes were worn away with constant weeping; the rosy flush of her cheeks was faded; the whole expression of her face—a face that once had beamed with all the light of a happy heart—was changed to that of woe.

She had frequently wondered, as she sat alone weeping, why Victor did not come near her. His continued absence, while it seemed strange, was also productive of another pang. What could account for his remaining away? She could not answer, and as she marvelled she grieved the more.

And so the days dragged by; the load of mourning became heavier.

In the time that had elapsed since Calvert Herndon's burial, the two schemers accomplished much toward furthering the stability of their position.

The will Hallison Blair had promised should be ready at the proper moment, came promptly from the lithographer, who was sworn to secrecy ere he received his pay; and Doctor Brandt experienced a feeling of security when he glanced over the parchment.

It was perfect; no flaw, mistake nor difference from the genuine "chirography" was discernible; and when the document was read in court and Brandt was recognized by law as Calvert Herndon's executor, without bond, he invariably rejoiced—thereafter, his life was to be one of luxury, ease, comfort, without effort or toil.

One day Pauline received a message from Hallison Blair to the effect that he wished to see her in the drawing-room. Up to this time, he had not imposed his society upon her, and she felt grateful. Now he wished to speak with her—of what?

She trembled with doubts, yet resigned herself to the fate in store; she easily surmised what was coming, and endeavored to calm her nerves, to dry her tears, to prepare for the pending ordeal, the inevitable—inevitable, because she had thought maturely upon the wishes of her dead father, as set forth in the letter shown her by Hallison Blair, and concluded that, in duty she was bound to follow the dictates of the departed one, no matter how severe the trial.

She descended to the parlor, where were seated the Englishman and Doctor Brandt.

"We regret to have called you from the solace of solitude, Pauline," spoke Blair; "but it is time that I touched upon the subject of our marriage. As I propose returning to England immediately, the sooner our wedding is solemnized the better."

"So soon?" she exclaimed, in a low voice, full of surprise.

"It is soon," he acknowledged, speaking mildly, as if the tone he used was previously studied, "yet, it is necessary. I have received letters which call me back to my home in London, and as I can not go without you, I think we had best be married before we start; don't you?"

Then he continued, after a moment's silence: "My trunk has already gone forward to the ocean packet, at New York. You can get your own apparel ready at once, I presume?"

"It will look so strange, Mr. Blair," she remonstrated, tearfully.

"Oh! no; we will be married, and sail for England at once. There will be no room for gossip, and if there should be any, I will not greet our ears. But I am speaking rather for granted—you have decided to respect the last wishes of your father, have you not, as regards ourselves?"

"Yes," was the sad reply. "I must obey. He was so good, so kind to me always, that I can not rebel now."

"That's right. Very right, Miss Pauline," said Brandt. "Though your father is not here to control your actions by pleasant word and governing smile, rest assured he looks on from above, and all you do will give him pleasure, nevertheless."

"I judged this would be your decision," resumed Blair, "and when Mr. Hassan came here the day after the funeral—"

"Oh! then he has been here? He did come?" she interrupted, with quick eagerness.

"Yes, he came and had a long talk. You were very much indispensed then, you remember, and of course he could not see you. I told him of the change in affairs; of your being my affianced through deference to Mr. Herndon's express wish, and he has not called since; and he considered this matter safely, cleverly gotten over."

"Ah!" thought she, "then this is why I have not seen him. Oh! Victor—dear Victor! I must give you up. I may never see you again. May Heaven guard you always, and bring you happiness that never can be mine!" Then aloud:

"Since it must be so, Mr. Blair, when are we to be married?"

"To-morrow," the word echoed from Pauline's lips, in tone of veriest astonishment.

"Yes, to-morrow. The doctor will accompany us on our voyage."

There reigned a stillness in the room of several seconds' duration, when Pauline asked:

"Are you determined to push me thus? Can you not wait a short time?"

"Impossible. I can not delay," he answered, and his manner was rather emphatic. "Come, do not let this give you fresh worry. Strive to look brighter, more cheerful. Are you going to bestow yourself upon me a sorrowing bride?"

He advanced, and twining an arm round her waist, impressed a kiss upon her unwilling lips. It was done ere she divined his intention, and though she could not prevent his action, she recoiled from his embrace as if the touch were pollution.

"I—I will endeavor to be ready by to-morrow," she said, drawing back. "At what hour must I be torn from the dear old Home Mansion?"

"At precisely twelve—noon. We can then be married in time to catch the evening train for New York, and be aboard ship by ten o'clock day after to-morrow. One reason why I am in such haste is, the vessel sails on the day and at the hour named."

"I will be ready," and with this she walked slowly from the parlor, struggling hard to restrain the gushing tears.

So soon! To-morrow!

A few hours more and she would bid adieu to the loved spot endeared to her from childhood; enter a new field in life; be surrounded by strange faces; hear strange voices; with new friends save her husband and the physician—the first a man she could never love; the latter, one whose villainous hypocrisy she had yet to learn both of them friends that were not friends, but enemies whose natures warped to diabolical tendencies.

She left all arrangements to her waiting-maid, a girl who knew well

borne slowly, further and further from her native land, she stood upon the deck, near the bulwarks, and a sigh, a hushed moan of anguish quivered on her lips.

When night was to be seen save the sky above, and the waters beneath, and the fading, dancing ship, the last spark of hope seemed faded.

She was upon the broad ocean, going to London, the home of her unloved husband.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 59.)

The Avenging Angels:

OR,
THE BANDIT BROTHERS OF THE SCIOTO.
A BORDER AND INDIAN TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SILENT HUNTER," "QUEEN OF THE WOODS," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SHAWNEE CAMP.

NEXT morning a heavy fog hung over the earth. A lurid, copper-tinted sky, reddened angrily as the sun rose struggling through the murky clouds. There was a cold gray mist over all nature, but, according to invariable custom, no sooner did the hour come when chattering should have sounded his shrill trumpet, than the whole camp was afoot—the lads collecting the scattered horses, the old women busy themselves around the fire preparing the early meal.

And now the cheerful sun, breaking all bounds and increasing in heat and power as he rises, scatters the rebellious clouds that would intervene between him and earth: the fog glides like a gauze veil from before a picture, the damp earth ceases to steam, and the day is magnificent.

The horses are now brought up, the baggage, including buffalo-ropes, wigwam-covers, pots and other cooking-utensils, are piled on the horses; while the tent-poles are fastened to the horses' sides, so that they project some four feet behind. Across these, shorter poles are placed, and certain bundles having been put thereon, the younger children are seated on the summit, and the march commences.

In front rode the aged warriors, who, despite their years, are quite ready to do battle for the young ones; on the skirt of the procession hover the striplings, who themselves will soon be warriors, anxious, by their alertness and sagacity, to win the confidence and applause of their elders.

Behind come a numerous and extensive group of women, consisting of the wives and daughters of the whole band. Before retiring to rest the Prairie Rose had learned from her sister that the Shawnees were on a joint hunting and war expedition which would extend over the whole season, and that the women, children and old men, after being kept in the rear for some considerable time, were now ordered up to join the warriors at a place they intended to be their permanent summer camp.

This intelligence rewarded Matata for all her troubles and sufferings, as she doubted not that it would give her affianced husband ample time to make good his designs.

As none of the party, save the men, knew when or where the two camps were to meet, the young Huron girl was still kept in a state of great anxiety.

On a gently sloping bank, close to where the stream already alluded to falls into a lake of moderate dimensions, the Shawnees had erected their encampment. On the rich green carpet and in the shade of the clustering trees the wigwams have been carefully erected; the fires send up blue clouds of smoke, that flashed among the forest branches in a thousand fanciful wreaths.

Suddenly some scouts came in, preceding the family camp by only a few moments. The warriors, though in their secret hearts they longed to embrace their wives and little ones, sat sternly in a half-circle as they watched the new arrivals, who at once began unloading the horses to carry each their separate treasures to the wigwam of their lord and master, known by his *totem* being conspicuous on the painted buffalo-skins of which it was composed. In a few minutes the encampment had resumed its usual character, as if two months had not elapsed since the male and female portions had been separated.

The presence of Matata was at once noticed by Theoderigo, who, as the old man came, carelessly interrogated his father as to this addition to their young women. The aged warrior told him exactly what had happened, admitting her anger at the apostasy of Little Bear. The Black Hawk of the Shawnees bowed his thanks, perhaps to hide the covert smile which rose to his lips when he heard the end of the story.

But, no matter what his thoughts were, it was quite clear that the chief had marked the Prairie Rose down as his. The flash of his dark eyes spoke volumes.

By a kind of savage courtesy, which is singularly characteristic of the Indians, even when about to immolate their guests on the bloody shrine of vengeance, a tent somewhat superior to the others had been provided for the white prisoners, and to this the younger sister, by directions of the chief, led her sister.

But Matata sent the girl in alone, her eyes being riveted on a spectacle which, for her, had the most intense and painful interest.

Before the tent, a little apart from intrusive observation, were the pale-face captives, Ettie and the poor, demented Ella. Ella was seated on a log, in tolerably good humor with herself; all her vacant look had returned, and having spent some time collecting the favorite flowers of her happier days, she was now weaving them into garlands, one of which she had, with a light laugh, thrown upon her head.

Ettie, half-kneeling at her feet, handed her flowers when she dropped them, for her, had the most intense and painful interest.

Matata stood, spell-bound, watching them, for she knew the whole story.

Suddenly Ettie looked up, and caught the expressive eye of the Indian girl fixed upon her with earnest sympathy. She nodded with girlish freemasonry, and then her sister, dropping her flowers, led her into the tent, where Matata followed her.

Two or three minutes later the younger sister came out, replenished the fire with sticks, which she had collected, and then, apparently busy with her task, her ears were all attention, and her eyes glared into every bush, lest an eavesdropper should approach the tent.

The Robbers of the Scioto, where are they?

There is already mutual distrust between the Shawnees and their white allies, who, however, stifle the bitter resentment they feel at having the girls in the sole custody of the red-skins. Theoderigo, in what appeared a most straightforward and manly way, has told them that the sisters are welcome to his wigwam until such time as their ransom is paid; that to separate them is impossible, as the services of the gentle one are essential to the safety and comfort of the feeble one.

"My brothers may rest content," he said, gravely smoking his pipe; "the pale-face maidens shall be treated as my daughters, while the long-knives go seek the gold of the gray beard whom these girls call father."

Affecting a cordiality they did not feel, the five brothers retreated to their own camp, there to prepare, they said, negotiations with the chief of their white foes.

The position occupied by the ruffians was a hollow at the foot of a somewhat high bank, surrounded by unusually lofty trees, which fully concealed these men from their red-skin associates. In the center was a blazing fire of logs, over which, suspended by three poles, hung an iron pot, emitting a savory odor of flesh and fowl.

Round this, an hour later, the five Bandits sat eating their meal in moody silence, each man communing with his own thoughts, which, to judge from appearances, were of a character very far from pleasant. Still, to men of the world, the business in hand was of too great moment for them to waste time in words. They were, above all, sensualists, and not willing to disturb the enjoyment of their food by thinking of aught else.

But presently, having eaten very heartily, their tin cups were filled with grog, their pipes were lighted and smoked for some minutes, when Moses, the elder brother and chief, broke the long silence.

"A pretty mean, despicable skunk, this Shawnee, Black Hawk, has proved himself," he said. "I wish I may be eternally skewered if I don't have my revenge on the thieving, deceitful, lying varmint."

"He's got us pretty tightly fixed," replied Mike. "What are we to do?"

"Do?" continued Mo, in a tone of deep meaning. "Why, have the girls and the money, too. This Injine thinks himself mighty clever, and mighty cunning, but if you're all of my mind, I'll fix his hair without his knowing it, and walk the gals clean off before his ugly-painted mug."

"How?"

"I'll tell you presently," continued Moses, "but I wish to observe that I mean to give him a slight lesson. You saw that straight-limbed, clean-looking Injine gal, as came into camp and went and located with the white lasses?"

All nodded.

"She'll do. There's four on 'em in the tent now, and that will be more yet. We must have 'em all, and if any of you see another one just chuck her in, and thall make five."

The brothers laughed, and promised not to be very nice, though all knew that there was by no means a bad selection of girls in the Shawnee camp.

"For my part," said Mo, with a savage cry of execration and hate, "if we had but ten boys more, curse me if I'd leave him a girl or a hoof. As it is, this child means to have ten horses."

This announcement to men who were professional horse-stealers excited but a smile, and then the captain proceeded to unravel his scheme for outwitting his cunning and unscrupulous Indian allies.

"Well, chaps," said the eldest brother, when he had laid bare his plan, "what say you?"

"We are all agreed," was the reply. A further conversation being, under the circumstances, considered useless, one by one, the ruffians of the Scioto fell off into slumber.

Shortly after breakfast the five white men, equipped for a march, their rifles on their shoulders, their knapsacks strung on their backs, took a somewhat sulky leave of Theoderigo, engaging to be back with a bargain for the treasure in exchange for the girls, who then were to be freely given up to the white claimants.

Black Hawk willingly acceded to these terms, as, now that his name was bent upon Prairie Rose, he cared little for the pale-face squaws, so that they found him the means of purchasing guns, powder, and blankets.

The bandits having taken leave, passed over the brook near which the camp was situated, and struck across the pathless wilderness in the direction of the Pilot Rock. Several young men were sent to watch them from a distance, but all returned before nightfall with the same report. They had kept to the east until mid-day, when, after an hour's halt, they had continued their journey in the same direction.

Delivered from all anxiety on this point, the Shawnees, after posting sentinels in different places, prepared to pursue those avocations that had brought them to this particular spot—the richest and most abundant in game, fish, and fowl within the whole district. Leaving a sufficient guard in the camp to repel any ordinary attack, the Shawnees spread themselves over the mighty plains of the West, which were only divided from those already described by the dense belt of timber that grew near the lake where they had located themselves.

Now Soosoma the Solitary was a young Indian chief of about four and twenty, who, while resembling Kenewa in form and figure, was as different from him in character and disposition as any two men could be. Some said he brooded over a loss—the loss of a much-loved maiden; others accused him of morbid envy of his fellows; but, be this as it may, he was silent, never coveted society, and even preferred the hunt and the war-trail alone.

With a haughty wave of the hand, he bade Little Bear follow him to where a small rough bark canoe, he had spent the night making, awaited him, and then both entered it and paddled up the lake, until the trees began to disappear.

At last they reached a mossy bank, where the Indian cast himself as if to rest, previous to commencing his hunt.

But, from some inexplicable reason, the Shawnee moved not for hours. His eyes were fixed on vacancy, his cheeks were pale, and an observer would have supposed that he was suffering from an acute monomania, which he had sense enough to come and hide in the wilderness. At length Soosoma rose, not to hunt, but to enter his canoe again. Just as they were about to dip their paddles in the water, down to the water's edge came a fine deer, which, after stooping his head to drink, waded forward, struck out, and began to swim, apparently for the opposite shore.

The lake was calm; not a ripple disturbed its glassy surface save the long wake in the rear of the deer itself, between which and the shore the canoe now lay. The animal saw his enemies, and struck out boldly, followed by the Solitary, who now, for the first time during the whole of that day, seemed roused. Great caution was needed to follow, their vessel being so crazy; but the canoe sat so lightly, not in but on the water, that a few strokes of the paddle showed that they were gaining on him. Now the animal doubled, and the hunter veered his canoe round again, to cut him off. Soosoma had his rifle ready, but he did not wish to shoot until the animal was near shore.

Away sped the deer, so swiftly as to require the Indian to strain every nerve to keep up. Little Bear, too, despite the big drops of sweat that chased one another down his face, worked with might and main, several times almost itching to snatch the rifle from Soosoma, and fire at the terrified animal himself. But they are coming up, despite the old saying that "a stern chase is a long chase," coming up so quickly that, had it availed any thing, they could have touched the animal's tail.

Now, however, with a bound, the noble animal once more gains upon them, and the Indians are again in hot and fierce pursuit, until suddenly the deer's hoofs touch the bottom, when a few desperate leaps bring him to the shore. In another instant he would have disappeared in the forest, but a flash, a report, and the buck fell on the beach to rise no more.

A tall Indian, undisturbed in the gloom of the trees, rushed forth and cut the animal's throat.

At the same moment the two pursuers leaped on shore, Soosoma hastening to secure his game, while Little Bear followed with the discharged and smoking rifle.

Then the solitary strode up to where the body of the victim lay, and haughtily asked who interfered with his game.

Soosoma started as he found himself face to face with a Huron!

It was Kenewa!

The solitary looked round for his gun, but it and its bearer had both disappeared in the gloomy forest.

He was alone, facing his enemy, and, to a certain extent, unarmed.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DEAD WARRIOR.

THE two men gazed at each other with lowering brows, while fire seemed to flash from their eyes, indicating the deadly hate which existed between the two tribes. But Kenewa showed no disposition to take advantage of the superiority of weapons which the fortune of war had given him. He seemed in an attitude of mute attention, his eyes were fastened on the ground, his head was slightly turned to one side, his nostrils were expanded, and even his ears seemed to assume a more erect attitude as he listened to the faint sounds which came from the forest. There was a sound as of the snapping of dried sticks, a movement among the bushes, a rustling of leaves, and like men in the morning; the canoe, too, must be concealed.

The deer was lifted ashore, the canoe carried bodily from the water to the shelter of some bushes, and both prepared once more to re-enter the secure cover of the forest.

"Wagh!" said Little Bear, in a low tone, and with all the caution of a veteran warrior, pointing at the same time out into the lake.

Kenewa followed the motion of his hand, and remained still.

"It is a raft," he said, "but who sails on the white water when the moon is shining?"

He stooped almost to the water's edge, lay down, both listening and looking at the same time across the lake.

The steady stroke of paddles, the low, hushed voices of men, were clearly heard, and Kenewa saw too the Five Bandits of the Scioto River.

The canoe was again carried to the water, Kenewa put his rifle in the bottom, and the two Hurons began skirting the shore of the lake in the direction taken by the canoe on the raft. This was done without fear of discovery, as the deep shadow of the trees made the water black within twenty yards of the shore, while all without was comparatively light.

The bandits moved but slowly, and, as Kenewa soon saw, in the direction of an island that screened them from all fear of discovery from the camp.

Ten minutes later they were behind it, and then, bending low, the Huron heard their muttered oaths as they landed on the circumscribed space.

Without the slightest hesitation, Kenewa sent his canoe spinning over the waters in the direction of the island, which in ten minutes he reached, and leaving Little Bear alone, he waded ashore, and crept in close to the camp of the ferocious white men.

He found them covering over a miserable fire, but amply supplied with food and drink. Evidently they were settled for the whole of that night.

"This here is no palace," said Mo, savagely, "but here I stay till I die if I don't find a chance to carry off the white girls, and that beauty of a Huron Black Hawk is so sweet—thunder!"

Kenewa shivered with rage, but by means of great self-command he recovered himself and stole away, one more weight of vengeance bearing down his heart. But he said not a word to Little Bear, simply sending the canoe as quietly as possible into the shadow of the trees, where its dark outline was at once lost in the general and increasing gloom.

tarly, at the water with that fierce longing, with that raging thirst that precedes death, he handed him his water-gourd, after himself dipping it into the placid lake.

The Shawnee drank greedily, his eyes all the while fixed on Kenewa's face with a fascination which was irresistible. He could not, even in that last moment, when the faculties seem by some unknown means to be for an instant bright and clear, understand the gentleness of the warrior. He strove to speak his thanks, but there was a gurgle in his throat, his eyes closed, and the struggle was over—the savage had drawn his last breath.

Kenewa gazed at him for a moment, and then, with the unconcern of long habit, proceeded to secure the trophy of victory, which alone enables an Indian brave to prove to his fellows the number of his victories when out upon the war-trail; a reason which does away with all idea of wanton atrocity in the mere act of scalping.

A low cry checked him, and he saw Little Bear standing close to him in the water, shaking his head and pointing to his own forehead.

The Huron started back with a wild and alarmed mien.

"What mean you, brother of the Prairie Rose?" he cried.

"The Manitou had long since taken his spirit to him; he was but a body without a soul."

"Little Bear is but a boy," said Kenewa, in a saddened voice, "or Kenewa would be angry. But the Manitou will forgive, for Kenewa believed him to be a sane warrior. He must be buried."

They both entered the forest, and having selected a dell, where a fire could be safely made without being seen from the lake, soon had a clear blaze with scarcely any smoke, from dry and inflammable boughs. As soon as it threw a clear and pleasant light, Kenewa proceeded to cut down first four luscious trees, which forked about seven feet from the ground. These he planted firmly in the ground: two within three feet of each other, the other two at a distance of six feet.

This done, the two proceeded to lay other poles lengthwise and then across, until a tolerably secure platform was made.

They then glided with noiseless steps down to the strand, and, after securing one or two articles which were required for a purpose we shall presently understand, they lifted the body and carried it to the dell. By standing on a stone, Kenewa, who was very powerful, lifted the corpse and laid it on what was supposed to be its last resting-place on earth, where it was safe from wolves and such-like prowlers. He then placed the brave's rifle, tomahawk and knife beside him, and over the whole he piled a heap of brush and briars to keep off the birds.

This done, with one glance heavenward, to ask forgiveness for what appeared to him a sin, he seated himself beside the fire, and remained for some little time in meditation.

Suddenly Kenewa started as if from a dream, and addressed his young friend:

"Little Bear and Kenewa will fetch up the deer and take food, that they may feel like men in the morning; the canoe, too, must be concealed."

The deer was lifted ashore, the canoe carried bodily from the water to the shelter of some bushes, and both prepared once more to re-enter the secure cover of the forest.

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(To be continued—Commenced in No. 55.)

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A MEMORY.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

I knew the city belles were fair,
With winning arts and endless graces,
But then I knew the smiles they wear
Would alter in all times and places;
But when I met you, Mary Grace,
You seemed to fill my highest wishes,
Your smile that won me was the same
You carried when you washed the dishes.

I long had tired of fashion's claims,
And slightly balls and cold flirtations,
I had enough of idle dreams,
Which sadly wore upon my patience.
I turned from many a siren's eye,
And fashion's lights so falsely burning,
And lost my heart as I rode by,
And saw you on the porch a-churning.

Ah, blessed day! some years have passed
Since I first saw your father's daughter,
Myself from off my steed I cast
And begged you for a drink of water.
You looked at me, and then you said,
"If you of butter-milk are fonder,
I'll give you some of it instead."
I answered that I shouldn't wonder.

Delicious draught! Olympian dew
Were ne'er distilled into such nectar!
Sweet stimulant of the rural muse
In which may all the gods protect her!
"First draught of love!" I sweetly thought
As o'er the tumbler's brim I eyed you,
But as it went down the wrong route,
I went to choking there beside you.

Well, well, you know how after this
I came to be a frequent caller,
Saw all the future bright with bliss
And all the sad past growing smaller—
Impressed your father with my worth,
And won your mamma with my morals—
(Those spirits long have left the earth,
But Heaven bind their brows with laurels!)

Your father he was well-to-do,
With waving fields, and meadows sunny,
But I was poor, as well you knew—
Say rich in heart, but poor in money.
I never loved you less because
You had rich hopes and expectations,
For what is fortune?—all but dross
To such a lover's expectations!!!!

And when your kindly father drew
The legal papers for a house and
Appointments for a house and
And wrote a check for several thousand,
And laid them on our wedding-plat,
And sideways glanced unto your mother,
I really couldn't hesitate
To take them, for—was your father!!!!

Elomantha's Promise.

BY TOM KEENE.

"Oh, chief! can you get there in time?"
"Elomantha has said it, and his tongue
can not lie."
"But the distance is so great; and then,
you have said they will be here at night-fall!"

"My white brother has in his stable the
black horse that can outrun the south wind.
Let the chief have him, and when the sun
shall make no shadow, he will assemble his
warriors and young men for the war-path."
That something of much more than ordi-
nary moment was the subject of conversa-
tion between the group of persons that
stood near the front entrance of Mr. Asht-
on's residence thus early in the day, was
plainly to be seen, not only from what was
said, but by reason of the painfully-anxious
expression that rested upon every face—save
one.

The party consisted of Mr. Ashton, a rich
planter, whose fine house overlooked, from a
commanding eminence, the river St. John;
his wife and only daughter, Lucy, and a
Seminole warrior, who, from his dress, orna-
ments and equipments, evidently was a chief
in his tribe.

It was Mrs. Ashton who had spoken to
the chief, seeking to gather courage from his
repeated assurances that all would yet
be well.

"The chief wants Black Robin, Edward,"
she said, turning eagerly to her husband.
"He can have him, can he not?"

"Assuredly, my dear. Here, Linden!"
he continued, calling to one of the negroes
who were assembled near the corner of the
house; he issued the necessary order, and,
turning to the chief, said:
"How many of these out-throats are there,
chief?"

The Indian thought a moment, and then
replied by holding up his right hand with
extended fingers, closing and opening it six
or seven times.

"So many!" exclaimed the planter, striv-
ing in vain to suppress in his voice all signs
of alarm. "So many as that?—Does the
chief think he can reach his village in the
Everglades, on Black Robin, in time to re-
turn with his warriors?"

The Seminole glanced quickly up at the
sun, which was now three or four hours
high, and replied:
"When my brother sees the sun through the
great palm," pointing off to the westward,
"Elomantha and his warriors will be within
sound of his rifle."

At that moment Linden led Black Robin
up. He was a magnificent horse; coal-
black, as his name would imply. Strong of
limb, yet beautifully formed, and evidently
as swift and active as the red deer. The
small, shapely head, taper ears, clear eye,
full of fire, and wide, thin nostrils, red as
blood, all told of an animal in whose veins
there existed no "common stock." All the
country over Black Robin was celebrated
for his wonderful speed, and "bottom." It
was well that he possessed these rare qual-
ities, for the test to which he was about to be
put was a hard one, and upon them rested
the lives of his master and family.

"It is to be a struggle for mastery. Speed
against time. God grant the horse may be
up to the task!" were the exclamations of
the planter, as he busied himself about the
steed's trappings.

At first the horse evinced a decided disin-
clination to permit the chief's mounting,
but the Seminole cared little for that.

Seizing the long mane in his left hand,
and lightly touching the rounded back with
the other, he swung himself lightly up, and,
before the animal was fully aware of the
movement, Elomantha was firmly fixed in
his seat.

A few quick, sharp plunges by the horse,
a hurried word of encouragement by the In-
dian, and he was off toward the forest lying
to the southward, far beyond which the
chief's village lay.

At the time of which I write Florida was
only a territory, not yet having been admit-
ted to the Union of States, and was, as are
all countries under such circumstances, in a
wild, unsettled condition.

There had once been a great crime, a
series of murders, committed by a party of
white men and vagabond Indians, and the
arm of the law failing to reach them, a vigi-
lance committee was formed of some of the
very worst characters in the territory, who
captured and hung the offenders. This lit-
tle taste of power seemed to have been ex-
ceedingly palatable to the regulators—so
much so that they had never disbanded, and

in due course of time they had so changed
in their mode of operating, that they them-
selves became criminals, in the shape of a
regularly-organized band of robbers and
horse-thieves, and were hunted down by a
new company of vigilantes with unceasing
severity.

Prominent among the last-named body
stood the name of Mr. Ashton, and it was
principally due to his exertions that some of
the robbers had been caught and executed.

Thus stood matters at the time of which
I speak in the opening of the story. The
night previous Elomantha, the Seminole
chief, who was, together with all his tribe,
firm friends of the just white man, had
chanced to stumble upon the camp of the
robbers in the forest, some fifteen or twenty
miles distant from the planter's house.

Drawing near with the noiseless step pec-
uliar to the Indian, he succeeded in gain-
ing a position from whence he could hear
all that was uttered in the camp. He lay
there for hours, listening to their recitals of
past misdeeds and learning their plans for
the future. But that which most interested
the wily chief was a scheme for robbing the
plantation of his friend Mr. Ashton, and the
murder of the entire family. The horrid
work was discussed in detail, the manner in
which the blow would be struck, as well as
the exact moment when it would be done.

The time fixed was the following night, at
or shortly after dark.

The night was far spent when Elomantha
silently withdrew, and started on his jour-
ney across the country to warn the threat-
ened household. We have seen that the
warning had been given.

There was no help nearer than the chief's
village, which, as we have said, was some
distance southward, and hence the chief
had determined to try and bring up a num-
ber of his braves in time to prevent the
catastrophe.

The threatened family stood and watched
the fast retreating figure of the black horse
and his rider until they were swallowed up
in the forest, being rewarded by a parting
gesture of encouragement from the chief,
who, just as he reached the chapparal, turned
in his seat, looked back, and waved his
arm, as though in triumph, above his head.

All day long the planter and his servants
labored to place the house in a condition to
resist, at least for a time, the threatened
attack of the robbers. Windows and doors
were barricaded with heavy timbers, barrels
of water placed inside to check the flames
when the house should be fired, arms clean-

ed and carefully loaded, and an abundant
supply of bullets molded.

It was long past noon when the task was
completed, and then Mr. Ashton turned his
attention to placing the women and negro
children in a place of security.

Much against the wishes of the wife and
daughter, they, in company with the female
servants and little ones, were taken to the
timber, where the thickets were very dense,
and there concealed.

Two of the most trusted men servants
were left as guards, and then the others re-
turned and prepared to receive their unwel-
come visitors.

Slowly the sun sunk down toward the
distant tree-tops. For an instant it hovered
above the crest of the great palm, which,
in the far distance, lifted just above the
horizon and then dropped down behind the
leafy screen.

This was the appointed time for the ap-
proach of not only the marauders, but of
friends as well; and, with anxious heart,
Mr. Ashton peered out from a loop-hole to
catch the first signs of either's approach.

"Heah dey comes, Mass' Ed'ard," sudden-
ly called one of the sentinels from the oppo-
site side of the room.

In an instant the planter was at the speak-
er's side, and eagerly pushing him on one
side, he applied his eye to the orifice and
looked out.

The scene that met his view was a start-
ling one.

Taking advantage of the timber, that came
up within a hundred yards of the house on
the rear side, the marauders had approached,
totally unperceived, and, at the moment of
discovery, had crossed more than half the
open. They were coming down on a swift
run in perfect silence, but all were handling
their arms as if for immediate use.

"Here! all of you! quick!" exclaimed
Mr. Ashton. "Fire upon them and take
good aim!" He delivered his shot as he
ceased speaking, the report of the rifle being
instantly followed by the crack, crack of
musket, fowling-piece and double-barrels in
rapid succession.

This was a reception not expected by the
ex-vigilantes, and their ranks were instantly
thrown into disorder, several of their number
having fallen, dead or grievously wounded.

But, while checking them for a moment,
it also served to render them still more
furious and eager for blood.

On receiving the volley, the robbers had
scattered like a bevy of quail, seeking
"cover" here and there, behind fences, trees
or shrubbery as was most convenient, at the
same time opening a heavy fire upon the
house.

A signal was suddenly heard, and the
firing ceased as abruptly as it had begun,
and then the figure of a man was seen ap-
proaching the dwelling, bearing in his hand
a white flag as an expression of a desire to
parley.

This Mr. Ashton was only too eager to
grant. Every moment was precious, and he
might gain time.

The bearer of the flag approached fearlessly,
and halting a few feet distant, was upon
the point of stating his message when a sud-
den, and to the marauders a most unexpect-
ed, interruption took place.

From every side, in front, rear, on right
and left, a deafening yell burst upon their
startled ears, and, like magic, from every
bush, tree and shrub an Indian warrior rose
and closed in upon them.

There was no chance for escape. Every
avenue was closed, and the robbers quickly
perceiving this, turned and fought with the
fury of despair.

But for every white there was half a dozen
red-men. The battle could not last long
with such fearful odds, and was soon over.
Not one of the attacking party escaped.

When the conflict had ceased, Elomantha
disappeared for a moment in the forest, but
soon returned, leading Black Robin by the
rein, which he placed in the hand of Mr.
Ashton.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

The "Greaser Gall's" Warning.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"Ah, lads, I tell you that when a gall ar'
game, she ar' the deadliest game thing on
this airth," said old Blake Kingsley to a
group of eager listeners around the camp-
fire.

She may, an' mostly doose, look
thid an' skeery like in common sarcum-
stances, but get thet gall onto her metal, an'
then see. Why, I'll jest tell you, boyes,
'bout a leetle incident thet took place down
in Texas, when we war fightin' the Greas-
ers under thet pizen old cuss, Saint Anner.

"Twur shortly arter the massacre at
Goliad, an' the boys, all uv us, war mighty
down-hearted, an' sum uv 'em even went so
fur as to talk 'bout givin' up for good an' all.

"Our company war layin' at a ranch on
the river below Antonio, waitin' fur orders
to move.

"Well, the fight wur over, an' arter the
recall war blowed, the cap'n give orders to
git torches an' s'arch fur the wounded.

"The very first one we found, an' I sw'ar
it like to 'a' nibbled me out, war the gall.
"She war layin' right in the road on her
pirty face, stone dead, an' the mustang
standin' over her, whimperin' jess like a
human.

"She hed been run through and through
with a lance.
"I tell you, boyes, it war a pitiful sight,
an' afore the war wur over more'n one
greaser went under on account uv thet gall.

"We heard all 'bout it arterwards.
"The greasers hed killed her sweetheart
at Goliad, an' she hed swore to get even, an'
she did too; or anyhow she died a-tryin'.

"Yes, sirc, boys, galls, when they ar'
game, ar' game to the backbone.

The Diver's Peril.

BY CAPT. "BRUIN" ADAMS.

SOME years ago, the old "Magnolia" left
her wharf at Portland and, under the most
favorable circumstances, began her long
journey to New Orleans.

It so chanced that a large amount of
Government specie was on board, it being
in process of transportation from Washing-
ton to the above-named city, and it also
chanced that the steamer's boilers exploded
just after entering the Mississippi, tearing
the boat to atoms, killing and wounding a
large number of passengers, and causing the
hull, with its precious freight, to sink and
become bedded in the mud and slime of the
river bottom.

At that time the use of submarine armor
was just coming into practice, and conse-
quently was neither so perfect in construc-
tion, nor so easily and successfully handled
as at the present day.

The armor itself was exceedingly weighty
and cumbersome, while the apparatus by
which the diver was supplied with necessary
air, was dangerously imperfect and hard to
manage.

Nevertheless, there were found men who,
for the sake of large pay, were willing to
risk the descent, and one of these, a diver
from Pittsburg, was induced to go to the
scene of the Magnolia's disaster and attempt
the recovery of the lost gold.

He brought his assistant with him, the
man who was to manage the air-pipes, and

could be done toward rescuing the unfortu-
nate man's body, and after lingering near
for a short while, the crowd of country
people, together with the assistant, betook
themselves to a farm-house near at hand.

But, scarcely had the last one disappeared
before a singular-looking object appeared
from behind one of the smoke-stacks. It
was the helmeted head of the diver, who
was clinging to the pulley-lines by which
the large lanterns were raised and lowered
from the deck to the top of the chimneys.

Here, clinging by one hand, and working
with the other, the diver, with infinite
trouble and labor, divested himself of the
heavy "armor," letting each piece go as he
freed himself from it, until, at length, all
was off. Then, letting go his support, he
struck out for shore, and landed a few rods
below.

In the farm-house a silent, horror-stricken
group sat round the ample fire-place, dis-
cussing, in low, scared tones, the awful fate
that had befallen the helpless diver.

The assistant spoke not at all. He was
seated in one corner, his repulsive face
buried in his hands, so that those present
might not see the look of devilish triumph
that rested upon it.

In a pause in the conversation, the quick,
sharp bark of a dog was heard without, and
the next moment a heavy knock sounded
upon the door.

"Come in," called the farmer.
The door swung slowly open, and there,
standing out in bold relief against the dark
background without, was the drowned man,
in dripping garments, and with deathly-pale
face.

The cries and shrieks of alarm from all
present were drowned in the unearthly yell
of terror that came from the lips of the as-
sistant.

He sprang to his feet, gazed wildly into
the face of the diver, and fell, limp and life-
less, to the floor.

A few words from the rescued man calmed
the others, and he then told them how it
all came about.

The assistant had willfully, deliberately,
broken the supply-tube and life-line by a
sudden, though powerful pull. He was at
the moment preparing to descend the com-
panion-way from the hurricane-roof to the
cabin-deck, and was standing with one hand
resting on the chimneys, and touching the
signal halyards that carried the red light
up, when he found that his supply of air
was cut off. He knew it could not have
been an accident, and like a flash of light
the reason of the assistant's treachery dawned
upon his mind.

His only hope lay in reaching the surface
by means of the ropes he luckily grasped.
They proved strong, and hand over hand he
drew himself to the top. It chanced that he
came up upon the other side, and hence was
unobserved.

"I know the reason why that villain
wished my life," he continued, pointing to
the still insensible form of the assistant.
"He loved the woman that I have just mar-
ried. She discarded him, and though he
never evinced the hatred that lurked in his
heart, I now know that it did lurk there."

It was only with the utmost difficulty
that the people were prevented from lynching
the miscreant then and there. He was,
however, sent up to Cairo by the first up-
bound boat, and there lodged in jail, from
which he succeeded in making his escape a
few nights after.

The diver procured a new outfit, and suc-
ceeded in not only recovering the diver's
safe, but many other articles of value, be-
sides his suit of armor that he had been
compelled to commit to the deep.

Beat Time's Notes.

THE human eye, for the purpose of seeing
things, beats any other thing of purely hu-
man invention. This is saying a good deal,
but I hope humanity won't take offense.

The way that eyes are made to behold
objects is thus: the centrifugal rays of the
interrogatory reflecting on the outercentu-
rion, discombobulates thence upon the
platina, producing the picture photogeog-
raphically upon the vertebra of the visual
eye; the picture then only needs toning
down and setting in a frame of mind, with
a glass-of beer over it. Patent applied for.
Black eyes colored by hand I don't admire.
Eyes permanently gray are not counted
beautiful. Cross-eyes are extremely hard to
catch; and a woman with them is very sure
to bewilder anybody who gazes upon her.

Glass eyes are a much better than real
ones and are not apt to be rage. Sore
eyes, with the red bloom of health around
the ruins, don't look well in the eyes of a
connoisseur (I made a desperate attempt to
spell that word right, but my corn bites me
so) as they are rather gaudy than neat.
Saucer eyes should be cupped. Persons
with near-sighted eyes are very close ob-
servers, as you have probably observed.

Whether blind eyes come in this load of
chips I am not so sure, but the next thing is
what do we see with our eyes? Well, we
see people cutting a very big splurge, but
we don't see how many of them can cut it;
we see one set of people making a good deal
over another set of people, but we don't see
why they do it; we see some people letting
on they are exceedingly smart, but we don't
see what reasons they have for doing so—
but we may be very near-sighted. We see
many persons setting themselves up for
models of sobriety, but we do happen to see
them getting a good deal of whiskey for
medicinal purposes. We see that many
people are making fools of themselves, but
we see that we never do; we see how our
friends respect us, but we can't see why
they can speak any thing well of our neigh-
bor. If you fail to see any thing in this
paragraph, address the undersigned, in-
closing fifty cents. Be sure you enclose the
fifty cents, or I can't see it. A great many
things can be seen to for money which
couldn't be seen to otherwise. If there is
any money in any thing, thank gracious for
the gift of eyes, for we can see it, and my
eyes are such that a five-cent piece looks re-
markably magnified.

Rich living will make a man poor.

The best athlete in the world can't take
more than two feet and a pair of boots
at a jump.

If it was a penitentiary offense to be a
habitual fool, State-prisons would take the
places of country school-houses.

The scholar who was bound to spell was
perfectly spellbound when the teacher bound
him to the chair for missing the word.

BEAT TIME.



ELOMANTHA'S PROMISE.